THE Nation

December 4, 1954
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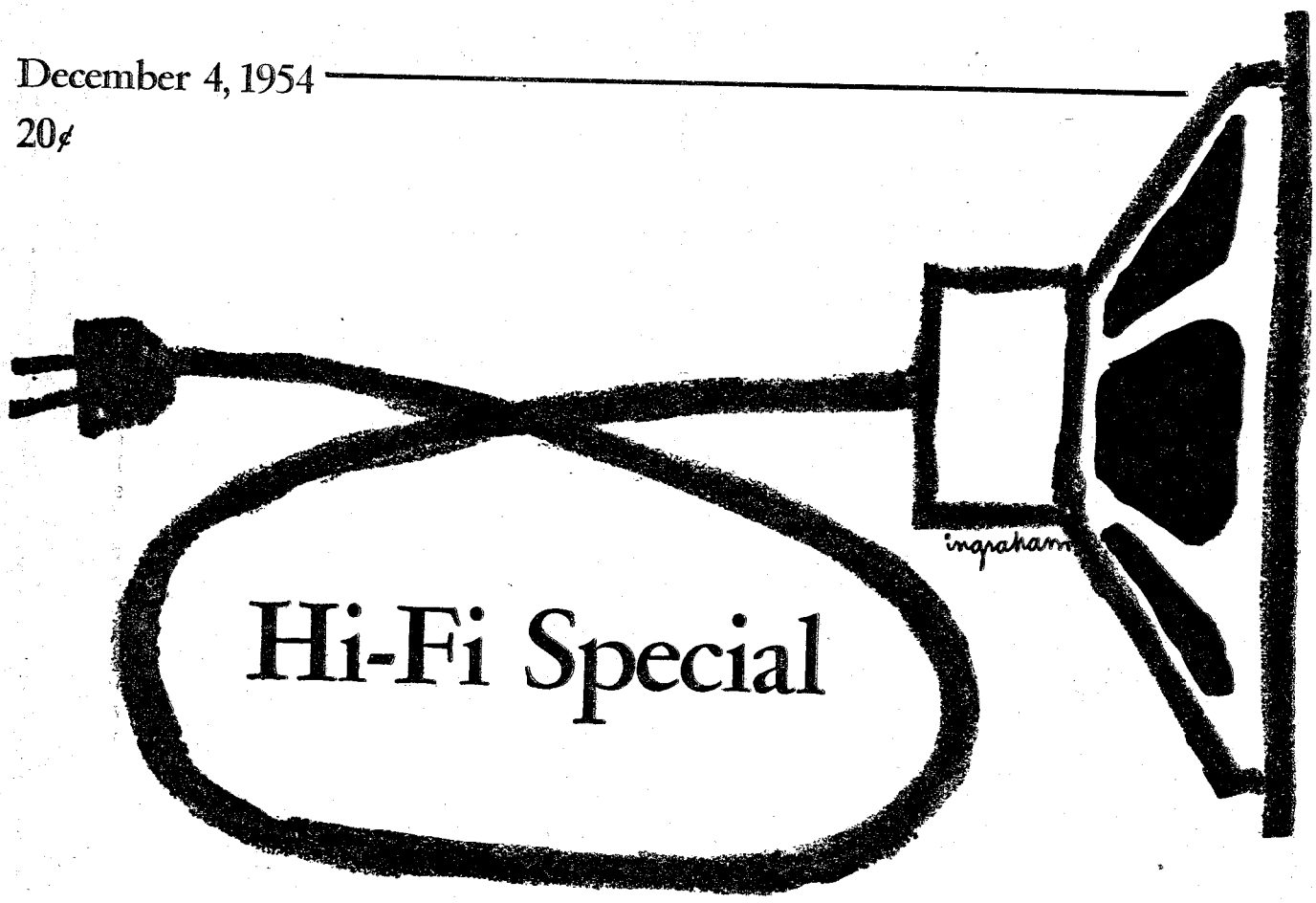

Hi-Fi Special

Articles by

Peter Bartók, James Hinton, Jr.,
David Hall, Joseph Riggio

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Corporation Weddings — *Keith Hutchison*

Labor Down Under — *W. Macmahon Ball*

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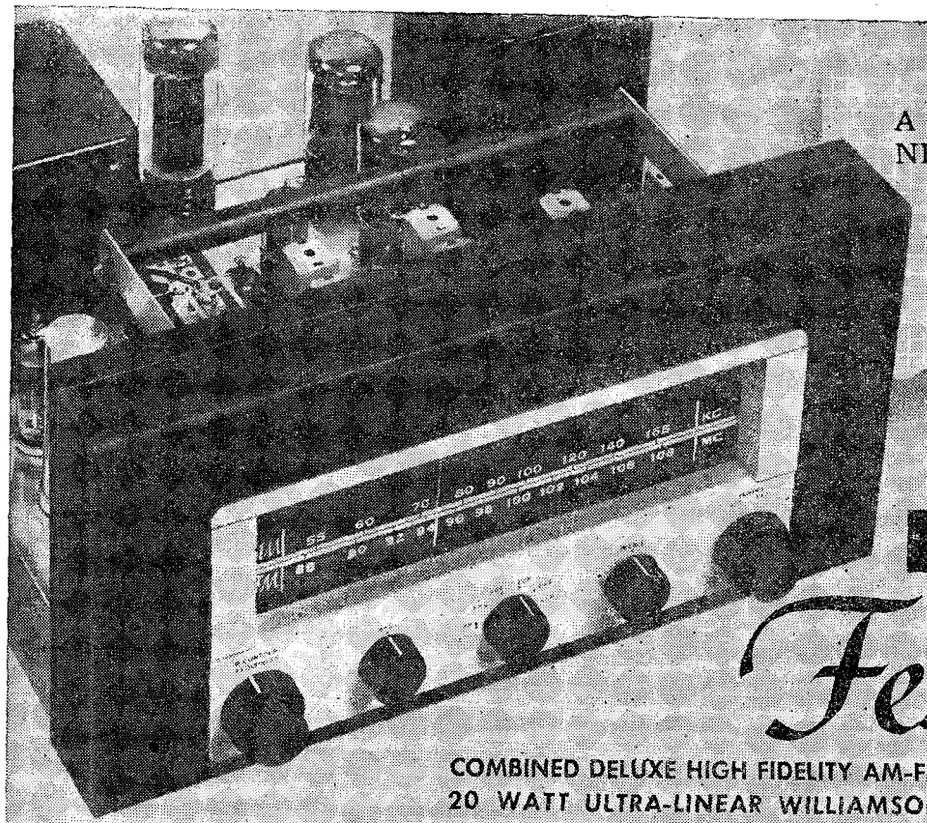

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Volume 179, Number 23
New York, Saturday, December 4, 1954

THE Nation

EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

EDITORIALS

The Shape of Things

What's Nibbling Knowland?

A significant section of the press has begun to express intense annoyance with Senator Knowland's failure to support the foreign policy of the President and Mr. Dulles. "With the persistency of a broken record," comments the Chicago *Sun-Times*, "Knowland has become one of the most vociferous critics of the Eisenhower Administration's foreign policy." In numerous other papers the Senator has been urged to step aside as his party's leader in the Senate. He has also been pressed for a statement on what alternatives to coexistence he has in mind. On all sides it is recognized that, so far as the Republican Party is concerned, the alternative to coexistence with the Senator might be an irreparable schism in an already divided organization. At the moment Senator Knowland is far more concerned with domestic politics than with foreign policy. The agitation he has kicked up, with the assistance of Senator Jenner, for breaking off relations with Soviet Russia stems from a realistic fear that sentiment for coexistence may become overwhelming by 1956. The objective of Senators Knowland and Jenner is to check this sentiment by freezing the political climate at subzero cold-war temperatures. For time is running out on the Knowland position. It is opposed not only by the logic of events but by new political currents. People are tired of cold-war tensions; they want an end to grimaces and threats. The Senator thus finds himself in the position of a merchant who is trying desperately to protect his investment in stock so obsolete that it cannot be moved even at cutrate prices. What is nibbling Senator Knowland, therefore, is not the prospect of "another Munich" but a well-founded fear that he lives on borrowed political time.

A Tragedy for the Country

No doubt the case against the two convicts arrested for the murder of William W. Remington in the federal penitentiary at Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, will be vigorously prosecuted. But there are certain aspects of it which should be carefully investigated by an agency wholly unconnected with the Department of Justice and the Federal Bureau of Investigation. If the F. B. I. functions in this as in similar cases in the past, a major effort will be made to smother public interest in the affair. One may expect the two convicts to "cop" a plea, the warden to maintain a dense silence, and J. Edgar Hoover to make a number of new speeches belaboring the "Communist menace." Only a full inquiry by an independent agency, with adequate provision for press coverage and public hearings, will restore confidence in the federal prison administration after this case of mistreatment of a "political" prisoner.

Phil Frankfeld, one of the Baltimore Smith Act defendants, was, it will be recalled, beaten in Atlanta prison; and not long ago Robert Thompson, another Smith Act defendant, was savagely beaten with a lead pipe in a New York City prison while in the custody of federal officials. It may be that politics had nothing to do with the Remington case, but the public can hardly be expected to accept the F. B. I.'s assurances on this, and local law-enforcement agencies have of course no jurisdiction. If there is one thing worse than serving a prison sentence it must be to serve such a sentence under constant fear of physical assault; prisoners, being in the law's custody, are entitled to the fullest measure of its protection. The bitter protest of Remington's widow is fully applicable: "A person can be accused wrongly of being a Communist, and it is a dreadful thing. . . . This is not a tragedy of mine alone but a tragedy for the entire country."

Wounded Tiger

A bruising, brawling, bare-fisted fighter, Senator McCarthy has boasted from coast to coast that only his rough-tough tactics have been successful in forcing the Kremlin pinkos to their knees. But David Lawrence now tells us in his widely syndicated column that the Senator is a victim of "the pain of wounded pride and repressed ambition." Imagine the traumatic effect on McCarthy, he urges, of his realization that it would be unreasonable of him to aspire to the Presidency because the late Alfred E. Smith, also a Catholic, was defeated for the office. "Every mother who gazes at her newborn child," writes Mr. Lawrence, "has hopes that such an honor might come some day to her son." When McCarthy feels the pain and injury of being unjustly kept from the White House "the tiger in [his] make-up begins to fight back."

As a journal that ardently championed Al Smith against the bigots who opposed him, we claim the right

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to resist Mr. Lawrence's attempt to break our heart. Actually, the classic American doctrine does not guarantee that every mother's son shall be President if he so desires; it is merely an assurance that his right to run his head off for any office in the land will not be frustrated by artificial legal disqualifications. McCarthy's career is a brilliant proof of the continuing validity of that assurance: he has been running hard for the Presidency ever since he entered the Senate in 1946. Religious bigotry may have defeated Al Smith, but if Joe fails to make the White House, the prime reason will be his behavior and character, not his faith.

Birthday Greetings

Sir Winston Churchill, eighty years old this week, saved the world in time of crisis, and it would be ungracious for Americans at this time to stress the obvious flaws in his political philosophy. That task we leave to his Labor opponents in Britain, who have to live with him. For ourselves, we wish him what he himself once said he wanted most: a chance, through a meeting with Malenkov, to crown a brilliant career with the most glittering jewel of all—the achievement of world peace.

Vishinsky Departs

Most of the American comment on the death of Andrei Y. Vishinsky was bitter, even vindictive—in striking contrast to the European press, which was generally respectful and sympathetic. But the reaction in this country was perhaps inevitable. During his life the Soviet chief delegate to the United Nations had never spared his adversaries; his unquestioned agility and wit had been used as weapons—particularly against the United States—and the wounds they caused were not forgotten. So the papers concentrated chiefly on his record as ruthless prosecutor in the purge trials of the thirties and as vitriolic defender of Russia's position in the U. N. There was scarcely even a perfunctory expression of regret to accompany Vishinsky's final departure from these shores and this earth.

Yet the tone of personal hostility seemed somewhat misdirected, for Vishinsky was never a man who determined policy, inside Russia or out. He was the spokesman, the advocate, the tough trouble-shooter for the regime and system he represented. His special quality lay in his vast range of political knowledge and cultural background. In this he entirely outclassed his younger colleagues, not to mention many of his fellow-diplomats from other countries.

At a moment when international tensions are slowly easing, when East and West are taking small, gingerly steps toward each other, the loss of Vishinsky may be unfortunate. Not that Ambassador Malik will less precisely represent Kremlin policy, but rather that Vishinsky

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could move along the lines laid down with an agility and inventiveness, backed by experience, that his successor cannot be expected to match. The West may yet have reason to regret his abrupt disappearance from the international scene.

Square D's Long Shadow

In retrospect the recently concluded Square D strike in Detroit may well be regarded as one of the most significant developments on the domestic scene this year. Involving about 1,200 employees, members of the United Electrical Workers (Ind.), the strike lasted for 108 days and from the outset was characterized by a turbulence and bitterness reminiscent of the great strikes of the middle thirties. Not since 1941 has Detroit witnessed the use of labor injunctions, the importation of scabs, and unfair police methods to break a strike. Detroit trade unionists did not need to be reminded by their leaders of the meaning implicit in these tactics: here was a clear test of the permanence of labor's hard-won gains of the last fifteen years. Nor did the fact that Representative Kit Clardy of the House Committee on Un-American Activities accused the U. E. and its local of being "Communist-dominated" diminish in the slightest degree the determination of Detroit labor to support the Square D strikers. Before a settlement was finally negotiated—with a new agreement and a four-cents-an-hour wage boost—some twenty-two U. A. W.-C. I. O. locals were actively supporting the strike. Over a thousand U. A. W. rank-and-file members walked on the picket line carrying placards which read, "Square D Workers Today; C. I. O. and A. F. of L. Workers Tomorrow." The pressure for unity "from the bottom up" was irresistible. This first attempt at "union-busting" has been stymied, but labor is well aware that Square D was merely an initial skirmish in a battle yet to come, as is amply proved by the strike at the Kohler Company.

The Strike at Kohler Village

Kohler Village, about four miles southwest of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, is one of the nation's best-known company towns. It dates from 1912, when Walter J. Kohler, Sr., then president of the Kohler Company, returned from a trip to Europe full of paternalistic plans for the Kohler workers. Architects, landscape designers, and city planners were put to work building a model village, with homes, parks, playgrounds, and a huge recreation area. Unions, of course, were out of place in Kohler Village. But in July, 1934, the National Guard had to be called out to preserve the peace in the community after two workers were killed and forty-seven wounded in one of the bitterest strikes of the era. The strike was broken and the A. F. of L. union that called it was replaced by the company-sponsored Kohler Worker's Association. In May, 1952, the United Automobile Workers (C. I. O.) organized the plant and after seven months of negotiation finally got a contract for the workers. On April 5 of this year the 3,300 members of Local 833 voted to go on strike to protect their contract and to win new objectives. They have been on strike ever since. Governor Walter Kohler proposed arbitration, but his uncle, Herbert V. Kohler, who now runs the company, squashed this and a number of similar proposals.

The original issues of the strike have now taken second place to the dominant question: can the company break the union? The atmosphere of Kohler Village today has overtones of the 1930's. But the year is 1954, not 1934, and it remains to be seen whether the victory that Herbert V. Kohler won against the union then can be repeated today. If he is successful, the same union-busting tactics will be repeated elsewhere.

Fire Prevention in Boston

Last spring Boston police, armed with a search warrant issued at the request of Garrett H. Byrne, Suffolk County district attorney, seized several truckloads of books, personal files, and other papers from the home of Otis Archer Hood, a self-proclaimed Communist. At the same time Byrne arrested Hood and five other persons on conspiracy charges under Massachusetts's 1919 anarchy law. Byrne's office said it "suspected" that Hood's library could be used to advocate the overthrow of the state and federal governments, and asked the court to order it "burned or otherwise destroyed." Later Byrne switched his position, claiming he only wanted to use the books as evidence in Hood's trial.

Hood's attorneys, Gabriel Kantrovitz and B. Loring Young—he is a former speaker of the state house of representatives—argued that the seizure violated the Fourteenth Amendment and Article XIV of the Massachusetts Declaration of Rights. Only a week before the raid, the lawyers reminded the court, the Massachusetts Commission on Communism had suggested the need for a new state law authorizing search warrants for the seizure of "subversive" literature. Counsel pointed out that the books seized might be found in any good public library—fairy tales, works on Lincoln and the Founding Fathers, as well as books by Marx and Engels.

Judge Edward O. Gourdin, making it clear that he was influenced by the probity of the defense's brief and by the obvious failure of the prosecution to produce legal justification for its action, ordered the books returned to their owner. His ruling has broad implications. If the invasion of Hood's home was unwarranted, it seems to follow that the possession of literature of any kind is not in itself illegal so long as it is not obscene. The decision strikes at the heart of the doctrine that books, as instruments of the intellect, constitute a threat to the state.

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Bonn to Bagdad . . *by J. Alvarez del Vayo*

THE enthusiasm with which Western spokesmen, including many who call themselves Socialists and liberals, are greeting the prospect of a resurgent German army has warmed the hearts and loosened the tongues of the West Germans. Their press and radio no longer suppress news about "Bureau Blank," which in collaboration with former Nazi officers has spent the last four years in secret military planning. Today its operations are a matter not of secrecy but of open pride. Thanks to its work Bonn will be making light arms by 1956 and tanks and jet fighters by 1958 to supplement the flood of armaments promised by the United States.

Related to German rearmament is another story, less dramatic but of equal or greater importance. This is the drive for economic expansion and the conquest of world markets which has characterized every period of German military growth. In the view of most visitors, Germany's economic recovery has already reached the "miraculous" stage. In September industrial production reached a new high of 186 (1936=100). The Hamburg shipbuilding yards are producing five times as much tonnage as they were in 1948, and they have enough work to keep them busy at full capacity until the spring of 1956. Despite the presence of millions of refugees, unemployment throughout the republic steadily diminishes. The big industrial concerns—Mercedes-Benz, Ruhrchemie d'Oberhausen, the Rhine steel and coal complex—look forward to handsome profits from German rearmament, the new Franco-German trade agreements, and the construction of capital equipment and strategic bases in Spain, Portugal, Greece, Turkey, and other underindustrialized areas.

EXPLORING the direction of German economic expansion, one is instantly struck by the fact that Bonn is driving into regions monopolized, in recent years, by the British and Americans. Germany's Balkan trade has already risen enormously. Trade with Greece increased from $46,000,000 in 1950 to more than $70,000,000 in 1953; with Turkey from $108,000,000 in 1950 to $230,000,000 in 1952. West Germany is getting in on the ground floor of Turkey's vast industrialization program. Early in October Prime Minister Adnan Menderes of Turkey visited Bonn, and within a month a Turko-German commission was set up in Ankara to lay the groundwork for closer economic cooperation between the two countries. Interestingly, while his visit was made much of in the German press, Menderes had little to say upon his return home. Diplomats are speculating that the Prime Minister did not want to disclose to Washington the extent of the obligations he had assumed in Bonn. Developments which further the military interests of the American anti-Communist crusade do not always jibe with the interests of American manufacturers.

Only a few days after his return from Bonn, Menderes played host to Nuri al-Said, the Prime Minister of Iraq, who afterward told the press: "We resumed discussions of the Turkish-Iraqi Treaty of Friendship and Alliance signed in 1946 and exchanged ideas on parts of this agreement that have not hitherto been applied."

That the rapprochement between Bonn and Ankara was simultaneous with one between Ankara and Bagdad cannot be dismissed as coincidence. Since Kaiser Wilhelm II visited Turkey in 1899, the phrase "Berlin to Bagdad" has animated adventurous German minds. Hitler inherited this interest in the Middle East; indeed, an open pro-Nazi revolt took place in Iraq in 1941. Now Bonn takes over where Hitler left off.

The present *Drang nach Osten,* like earlier ones, is two-pronged—military and economic. From 1949 to 1951 a German military mission was training the Syrian army. More recently German experts have undertaken the training of the Egyptian military forces. The presence of these German military men has been more conspicuous but no more important than the swarms of German business men who have been circulating through Bagdad and Cairo, Damascus and Beirut, since 1950 and even earlier. These salesmen for German goods have been scoring successes in every Arab country except Jordan, which depends upon Britain for nearly half of its government revenues. More than a year ago the *U. S. News and World Report* said: "Germans are running off with trade and influence in the Middle East. The United States and Britain, once on top, are being left behind." Since then the Germans have further advanced their plans for grabbing markets, advising governments, and seeking oil.

A DRAMATIC example of how German economic expansion clashes with American commercial interests was provided recently in Saudi Arabia, where last year American firms had apparently succeeded in negotiating a profitable contract for the construction of several industrial plants. Early this year, however, the contract was awarded to two German firms, Hansa Steel of Düsseldorf and the Julius Berger Construction Company of Wiesbaden, which had sent no fewer than 160 representatives to Saudi Arabia. The contretemps evidently aroused considerable diplomatic reaction, for the activities of the two German firms are now in a state of suspension. But it is a matter of record that West Germany's President Heuss sent a telegram to the King of Saudi Arabia reminding him of "traditional German-Arabian" friendship, and the latest reports from Bonn indicate that no isolated obstacle will be permitted to interfere with Bonn's grand economic, political, and military designs for the Middle East.

Assisting in the execution of these designs are the Nazis who were stationed as underground agents in the Middle East during the war or who have subsequently fled to the area. It is a curious turn of history which now makes the Western powers the allies of these Nazis —the Western powers which have been so busy putting Germany back on the path to conquest.

It must not be thought for a moment that "Bonn to Bagdad" is the only slogan interesting German merchants today. Next week I will discuss Germany's powerful economic drives into other areas of the world.

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CALIFORNIA CONUNDRUM

Why It Votes G. O. P. . . . *by Grant McConnell*

Berkeley, California

ONE of the regular features of a national election is the continued Republican domination of California. Now, once again, the state offers the paradox of having a strongly Democratic registration and electing, with relatively few exceptions, Republican candidates for office. As it now appears, the Republicans have retained the governorship by a margin of five hundred thousand out of a total of less than four million votes cast and the senatorship at issue by a margin of almost three hundred thousand. The Congressional delegation remains divided just as it was after the previous election, nineteen Republicans and eleven Democrats.

This would be quite comprehensible if California could be dismissed as simply another one-party state like Vermont or Mississippi. But the registration figures show that it is not. Moreover, the usual factors that explain one-party domination of a state are not operative in California. Unlike Vermont and Mississippi, it has a diversified economy and a truly heterogeneous population. Although it ranks first among farm states, its industry produces more wealth and employs more people than agriculture. The industry itself is diversified. Beyond this, the state has important regional divisions.

When one-party domination of a state is not explained by a homogeneous economy and population, it may be due to the existence of a strong old-fashioned political machine like that which ruled Pennsylvania for many years. But there is no such powerful Republican organization in California. What, then, does explain the situation?

One answer often advanced is the weakness of the Democratic Party organization, and this weakness is in turn attributed to the rapid growth and extreme mobility of the California population. The population increased more than 50 per cent between the last two censuses, in large part as the result of war-time migration to the shipyards and other new industries. At present the rate of immigration has slackened, but it still continues at a very substantial pace and will probably keep up into the indefinite future. A high degree of mobility also prevails within the state; in some communities the turnover is as high as 70 per cent in a year.

The effect of all this is to confuse the political scene. When communities are created overnight and established communities are suddenly inundated with new residents, strange things happen. Newcomers who have little knowledge of the candidates are bound to be susceptible to advertising, and it is generally true that the Republican candidates have the bigger advertising budget. It is also clear that in this situation the incumbents are favored, and Republicans have usually been the incumbents.

PERHAPS the most popular way of explaining the weakness of the Democratic Party in recent years has been to point to California's peculiar device of cross-filing. Under this system, it is said, Republicans have been able to maintain themselves as incumbents by capturing both primary nominations. The argument rests in part on the belief that Republicans take a greater interest in elections than Democrats and that a larger proportion of them turn out for the primaries. Certainly the organized groups that support the Republicans favor the continuance of the system.

The cross-filing procedure was changed in 1952 by the requirement that the party affiliation of candidates in the primaries should appear on the ballot. This had a more definite effect than had been anticipated. In the 1954 primaries the Democrats managed to produce a full slate of candidates for the general election. There was suddenly hope that they could now move forward into the place of power due them by right of being a majority. They were also encouraged by the results of a pre-primary convention and by their success in building a fairly extensive system of clubs. The test of this November, however, was disillusioning. Perhaps the developing organization had had too little time to mature under the new conditions.

Of course, the Republican organization is also weak, but this is probably because the groups usually identified with the Republicans nationally—business and big farmers—find it easier to control the machinery of government in California as things are than they would with a strong party organization. If the party were their chief instrument of power, it would have to make appeals to many, often antagonistic, groups in order to win over a majority of voters. Two serious risks would be involved in such a policy. First, the now influential business and farm groups would find their own interests compromised within the Republican Party. Second, the likelihood of at least occasional victories by an invigorated rival Democratic Party would be increased, and such a party would be less amenable to their desires than the Republican Party. The present situation, then, is for their purposes an almost ideal one. The process of candidate selection in the vitally important early stages is in their hands, and opposition candidates have almost no opportunity to acquire experience in lesser offices and so to become well known.

Cross-filing is only one of many devices which inhibit party organization in California. The state election code is filled with items whose effect is to frustrate effective party activity. Provisions which specify the personnel of the governing bodies of the parties are so detailed that the central committees have become sheer formalities, quite without life. If a real party system is to develop, it will apparently have to originate out-

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side the official machinery, in the party convention or the clubs or in some other way. In Wisconsin, where the parties are similarly overregulated, a number of voluntary committees parallel to the statutory committees have been formed, and a similar development is not impossible in California.

IN addition to the array of legal handicaps the entire political tradition of the state is a hindrance to efficient organization. This tradition is, by one of the many paradoxes of California politics, Progressive. The Progressives came into existence in California as a protest against the excessive concentration of power around the Southern Pacific Railroad, and many people still cherish the conviction that Progressivism brought cleanliness to California politics. The early Progressive leaders, however, were unable to make a distinction between party organization and corrupt machines. The two were synonymous in 1906; they have remained synonymous to the political descendants of the Progressives. The voters of California, even the new ones, are unconscious followers of Hiram Johnson. The press is so steeped in his tradition that it is usually hostile to attempts to frame a new party organization.

Evidence of the power of the Progressive tradition abounds at election time. Many of the political advertisements that appeared this fall were quite devoid of party designation. Although Richard Graves, the Democratic gubernatorial candidate, was attacked for having registered at other times as both a Democrat and a Republican, this was undoubtedly a virtue in the eyes of many voters. Appeals were made for individual candidates purely on the basis of their personal qualities. It was more important, the voters were told, to elect a good man than to record party loyalty. This type of statement was made repeatedly by the Republican candidates, and was occasionally echoed by the Democrats, with marked effectiveness. The restrictive provisions of the election code also stem from the Progressive theory, and the device of cross-filing is only its most dramatic realization.

There is the deepest kind of irony in the situation. The central purpose of the Progressives was to return the government of the state to the people. The unanticipated result, which extremely few people in California even now are willing to see, is that the government has been made remarkably amenable to tight pressure groups, corrupt and otherwise. Also the possibility of meaningful choice at the polls has been taken away from the electorate. One of the more startling features of the 1952 election was the fact that Senator Knowland, certainly a controversial figure if there ever was one, had no Democratic opponent on the ballot at the general election. The Progressive inheritance has been responsible for campaigns in which it was almost impossible to discover that anything of importance was involved.

Progressivism, moreover, has left a legacy of economic opportunity to political mercenaries like Joe Robinson, who will guarantee the right number of signatures to an initiative proposal, or the public-relations firm of Whitaker and Baxter, who can always make good on a contract to put a given measure through the legislature or a candidate into office. The general result has been a political vacuum in which money has a peculiar value and the one-voiced press gains a remarkable amplification.

CORPORATION WEDDINGS

Marriage for Profit . . . *by Keith Hutchison*

NOT long ago Wall Street was happily anticipating the biggest business wedding in years, with the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, number two in the industry, leading to the altar Youngstown Sheet and Tube Company, number six. Then, on September 30, Attorney General Brownell forbade the banns, declaring that in the opinion of the anti-trust division of the Department of Justice the union would violate the 1950 amendment to the Clayton Act by effecting "a significant reduction in the vigor of competition."

This pronouncement put a slight crimp in the corporation marriage market, which, active ever since the end of the war, has been really booming for the past twelvemonth. Temporarily at least, the matrimonial schemes of the larger corporations have been discouraged. Smaller concerns, however, continue merging merrily: hardly a day passes without the financial society columns announcing one or more betrothals.

Since it is common practice for corporations contemplating matrimony to seek an advisory opinion from the Anti-Trust Division, we must assume that most of the nuptials recently celebrated have received an official blessing. Some of these marriages have been between aristocrats of the business world: such were the Burlington Mills–Pacific Mills and the Chemical Bank and Trust–Corn Exchange Bank mergers. In the same class, although the parties concerned had in these cases encountered hard times and fallen somewhat in the social scale, were the two big automobile weddings—Studebaker–Packard and Nash–Hudson. But more frequently we find an aristocrat stooping to marry a middle-class concern with a handsome dowry, as was the case when the Sponge Rubber Company was successfully wooed by B. F. Goodrich, one of the Big Four of the tire world. Still more common, of course, are the petit-bourgeois matches between modest enterprises that seek to advance their fortunes by combination.

Corporate morals do not exclude polygamy; indeed, harems are very fashion-

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able. Thus the Mathieson Chemical Company, which married Squibb last year, accepted this summer a proposal from Olin Industries, already a veritable Bluebeard among corporations. And Burlington Mills had not consummated its union with Pacific Mills before it began making advances to Goodall-Sanford. Of course, some discretion has to be observed. A multiple wedding of the kind that launched the United States Steel Corporation would nowadays certainly invite an anti-trust suit. Nevertheless, many if not most of our corporate giants owe much of their growth to a succession of carefully spaced matrimonial alliances.

NATURALLY, corporation marriages are not made in heaven: their motive is profit, not affection. But granted that basic fact, the question remains why the conjugal impulse is so strong at the present time. Undoubtedly it has been encouraged by the recession. With the end of the post-war sellers' market, competitive pressures have mounted and have been felt with especial severity by small-to-middling companies in industries dominated by a few major concerns. Thus this year the tremendous selling putsch of the two giants of the automobile industry almost wrecked the independents, who were forced to join hands to save themselves from bankruptcy. In the face of an over-all decline in the demand for cars, General Motors and Ford have held production high and maintained sales by heavy pressure on their dealers, accompanied apparently by extra discounts.

The independents have lacked the resources to match these tactics and in addition have been handicapped by too small a range of models. Now the Studebaker–Packard merger, to take one example, has brought together the makers of automobiles that do not compete with each other and made possible a pooled selling organization. Moreover, the very astute executives who presided over this marriage may have plans to strengthen it. Noting that their mighty rival, General Motors, has many irons in the fire besides cars—diesel locomotives, refrigerators, road-building machinery, aircraft engines—they are said to be contemplating buying up companies producing such goods as automobile parts, household appliances, and electronics, and they hope also to get their share of defense contracts. In short, their objective, to quote *Business Week* of August 21, is "something like a lower-case G. M."

The desire for diversification is, in fact, one of the principal motives inspiring mergers. In particular, producers of specialized capital goods who in the past have alternated between feast and famine seek to stabilize their businesses by acquiring concerns with a different demand cycle. A notable example of this trend is to be found in the railroad-equipment industry, leading members of which now turn out a wide variety of goods, including truck trailers, pumps, and valves for the oil industry, machine tools, storage tanks, and many other products. Above all, they have spread into the field of earth-moving and road-building equipment on the intelligible theory that public works are likely to come to the fore when general business is depressed and the demand for railroad goods especially slack.

ON August 29 Stanley N. Barnes, assistant attorney general in charge of the Anti-Trust Division, said he was seriously concerned about the recent wave of mergers. He added, however: "There is nothing wrong with bigness as long as the bigness does not affect competition. The effect on competition is the criterion, not the size of the firm resulting from the merger." It was on these grounds that the division turned thumbs down on the proposed Bethlehem Steel–Youngstown merger, which would have formed a very large enterprise but still one significantly smaller than the gigantic United States Steel Corporation.

Bethlehem and Youngstown executives, who have not abandoned their plans and may before long seek to test the ukase of the Department of Justice in the courts, claim that actually their union would not affect competition, since they do not compete to any extent at the present time. Bethlehem's operations are very largely confined to the East and West Coast areas, while Youngstown's territory is the Central States. The main objective of the merger, in fact, was to secure for Bethlehem a share of the rich and expanding Middle Western market, and its consummation might well increase competition in that area.

But this would not mean the permanent strengthening of competition. As the automobile industry shows, the result of a fierce struggle between major corporations may be the squeezing to death of their minor competitors and the final concentration of production in the hands of two or three concerns. Then competition, if not entirely suppressed, is apt to take a very attenuated form. Formal agreements of the kind that the Anti-Trust Division would pounce upon become unnecessary: all that is needed is an occasional friendly luncheon or golf game.

Thus the Department of Justice, which by law is bound to prosecute mergers that result in a "substantial lessening" of competition or have "a tendency to create a monopoly," must take into consideration not merely the immediate but the ultimate effects. In the case of the Bethlehem–Youngstown plan it had to take note of the opposition of the smaller steel operators, who according to *Business Week* of July 31, feared it "would tighten still further the price, labor, and marketing leadership of the two giants." If it became effective, there can be little doubt that it would promote a further series of mergers in the industry which the Anti-Trust Division could then neither logically nor in equity oppose.

IT IS true, as the New York *Times* pointed out recently, that the wording of the 1950 Amendment Act lends itself to differences of interpretation and that so far there has been no judicial determination of the meaning "substantial lessening" of competition. The *Journal of Commerce,* which holds that the Department of Justice is applying the act too strictly, admitted frankly in an editorial on October 27 that "because concerns that enter into mergers generally compete in one way or another an incidental consequence is some curtailment of competition." Nevertheless, believing that the merger movement represents a natural response to current technological and economic challenges, this paper argues that a "rule of reason" should be followed and that "so long as *substantial* competition is maintained no obstacle should be placed in the way of mergers." But this contention leaves the problem of definition unsolved: it is no easier to measure "substantial competition" than

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"substantial lessening" of competition.

In any case, some economic arguments for discouraging the present plethora of mergers have been slighted and deserve a brief mention. If we are to keep our economy growing, if we are to attain the goal of a five-hundred-billion-dollar gross national income that the President recently adumbrated, a steady expansion of real investment is essential. Mergers may sometimes facilitate such an expansion, but in many cases they tend to act as a substitute for investment rather than a stimulus. As the October issue of the *Monthly Stock Digest* remarked, in calling attention to the stocks of some marriageable corporations, "If a corporation is interested in expanding, diversifying, or making its operating position more efficient, in many cases it is currently much cheaper to buy existing facilities—through purchase of control or full ownership of existing corporations—than to construct new plant and equipment."

In other words, when United Gadgets marries American Gadgets we not only have a reduction of competition in the gadget industry but the probability of reduced investment in gadget-making machinery. Such a union from the point of view of national economic welfare is apt to prove sterile. That does not mean stockholders will not profit: more likely than not the merger will boost the prices of their stocks. As in the late twenties, mergers and rumors of mergers have been a prime ingredient in a Stock Exchange boom that is tending toward the dissipation of savings in the purchase of securities at inflated prices. And that again could prove a threat to a healthy economy.

LABOR DOWN UNDER

A Crisis in Leadership . . *by W. Macmahon Ball*

Melbourne

THE crisis in the Australian Labor Party was precipitated, though not caused, by the Petrov affair. From the moment back in August when Dr. Herbert Evatt, leader of the Parliamentary Labor Party and former Deputy Prime Minister, appeared as counsel before the Royal Commission on Espionage the clouds began to gather. Dr. Evatt had been given leave to represent two members of his staff who had been named as sources of some trivial information in the notorious Document J.

Dr. Evatt submitted that the references to these officers were part of a disgraceful political conspiracy designed to damage him personally and the party which he leads. He named Petrov and Mrs. Petrov as the main conspirators and declared that his former press secretary, O'Sullivan, had been forced by blackmail to join the conspiracy. He charged the Security Service, or its senior officers, with improper conduct and with inefficiency for having failed to unmask the conspiracy.

Outside the commission's hearings Dr. Evatt asserted that the government had bungled the whole Petrov affair and that the commissioners, who are Supreme Court judges, had failed in their duty. Then on August 7 the commission withdrew its permission to Dr. Evatt to appear as counsel on the ground that he was unable to separate his responsibilities as the legal representative of his clients from his political interests and responsibilities. Five weeks later Dr. Evatt sought leave to reappear but was refused.

On October 26 the commission made an interim report in which it rejected Dr. Evatt's charges of political conspiracy as "fantastic and wholly unsupported by any credible evidence." Dr. Evatt repeated his public demands that the commission should be reconstituted and its findings reviewed since it had failed to act properly and justly.

Dr. Evatt's decision to appear as legal counsel caused widespread disquiet in Labor circles, since it was felt that his conduct of the case might be unpredictable and would inevitably have political implications for the party. When he persisted in his charge of conspiracy, the anxiety changed to near consternation among the moderates and to angry indignation among the right-wingers. The long and strong Labor tradition of party discipline and of loyalty to the party leader checked any move toward open revolt, but at the meeting of the Parliamentary Labor Party on August 26 a majority of members passed what was in effect, though not formally, a motion of censure on Dr. Evatt.

On September 9, after he had been excluded from the commission's hearings, Dr. Evatt defended his conduct in caucus, but the meeting was reported in the press to have ended "in uproar." Dr. Evatt then made a statement that the report of uproar was false and had been given to the press by "paid informers" in his party. Since then he has openly charged a "small minority" of the party with "disloyal and subversive" action. This is a minority of right-wingers some of whom are active members of Catholic Action, an international organization under the control of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. The right-wingers, notably those from Victoria, have in turn publicly charged Dr. Evatt with unfitness for his post and contemptuous indifference to the will of the party.

OBJECTIONS to his continued leadership are by no means confined to the right wing. In the caucus vote on October 20 Dr. Evatt mustered fifty-two supporters against the twenty-eight who favored a motion that all party offices be declared vacant. Among the twenty-eight were a number of Labor's most influential and moderate members, including Mr. Calwell, the party's deputy leader,

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who let it be known that he would be available for the leadership.

This party conflict has been brewing for some years. Like all such conflicts it is partly a clash of personal ambitions, but it is more than that. At the end of the war Communists had won positions of power in some of the large unions and, through these unions, tried to influence Labor Party policy. They had very little if any success in the political, as distinct from the industrial, arena. In the big Communist-led coal strike of 1949, for instance, the Chifley Labor government took very firm measures, including the use of the army to mine coal, and the strike collapsed. The Labor Party has always stood for political and constitutional action and is strongly opposed to the Communist tactic. It has always been a moderate party, with a sense of political expediency and little more than an academic attachment to its declared Socialist objective. Yet its strength is built on the trade unions, and if the Communists had succeeded in extending or consolidating their hold on the unions, they would probably in time have been able to infiltrate the party.

THIS situation made politically conscious Catholics very apprehensive. Hence Catholic Action, or to be exact, a group within Catholic Action known as "the Movement," resolved to take the offensive. With great energy and skill they established anti-Communist cells, known as "industrial groups," inside a number of unions. These groups were well organized and disciplined and won the official blessing of the Australian Labor Party. During the past four years they have scored many successes and wrung the leadership of some key unions from Communists or left-wingers. Their successes have enlarged their ambitions, and they have tried increasingly to shape the Labor Party's political policy.

Moderate Labor and union leaders were glad enough to have the help of the "industrial groups" to suppress or expel the Communists, but they do not want to be suppressed or expelled themselves. Catholic Action is concerned not only with industrial but with broad political issues, in particular with Australia's foreign policy. It is utterly opposed to negotiated settlements with Communist governments and bitterly critical of British policy toward Communist China. It wants Australia to disassociate itself generally from the British policy of "appeasement" and identify itself with America in world affairs. Indeed, on many of the most important political issues Catholic Actionists seem to consider the moderate Labor leaders more dangerous than the Communists because more likely to mislead the majority of workers. These attitudes have recently provoked a widespread distrust of the industrial groups, though many, perhaps a majority, of their members are non-Catholics. In his campaign to discipline or expel the right-wing minority Dr. Evatt is no doubt relying on this reaction.

THE great majority of the Labor Party are imbued with a strong sense of Australian nationalism and a belief in democratic procedures. They are equally opposed to Communist and clerical authoritarianism. Yet since the war the unity of the party has been threatened, first by a small Communist minority and more recently by a small clerical minority. The Communists and the Catholic Actionists have marked similarities, though their objectives are diametrically opposed. Both represent international movements, the one directed from Moscow, the other from Rome. Both adopt conspiratorial

Dr. Herbert Evatt

methods, for when they are identified they are isolated and repudiated by the majority. The propaganda techniques of the two groups are also similar, relying heavily on the slanted report and the personal smear.

It is important, of course, not to identify Catholic Action with membership in the Catholic faith or communism with industrial militance. It is probable that the majority of Catholics in Australia are out of sympathy with "the Movement." Catholic Action is a bitter critic of a number of moderate Catholic leaders, including Mr. Calwell.

THE crisis in the Labor Party today is therefore on two levels. On the surface the question is whether Dr. Evatt shall retain the leadership. At the deeper level the question is whether it is possible in the present circumstances to remove Dr. Evatt without increasing the power of the Catholic Actionists who have led the attack on him. Probably the great majority of Labor Party members are unhappy about Dr. Evatt. His public behavior this year has often been eccentric and his motives obscure. His real weakness stems not from the hostility of his political enemies but from the misgivings of his political friends. Yet Labor seems likely to decide that at the present moment party unity is more important than party leadership, that the first step is to discipline or expel the right-wing rebels. It will then be possible, some time before the next federal elections in 1956, to reconsider the question of leadership.

It would be wrong to try to explain the present paralysis of Labor leadership in terms of personalities or of disruption by subversive minorities. Labor is searching for a leader when it should be searching for a policy. For some time now it has had no effective or reasonably consistent alternative to the program of its opponents. In the elections of last May it was impossible to distinguish between the Labor and the Liberal approach to the very critical problems of foreign policy facing Australia in East Asia. On the domestic front about the only difference between the parties was that Labor tried to outbid the Liberals in promising increased payments to old-age pensioners. On one of the few questions of principle raised at the elections Mr. Calwell, the deputy leader, did declare that Labor was opposed to the private operation of television, but Dr. Evatt, a day or two before, had declared that Labor approved the private operation of television. It seems that Labor's great need today is to rethink and restate its distinctive objectives.

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HIGH-FIDELITY SECTION

SUPERLINEAR amplifiers, variable reluctance cartridges, wolves, growls, and treble trouble—this is the language of the high-fidelity enthusiast. He is at once sound engineer and music critic (sound or unsound), and under the impact of his impassioned search for ever more beautiful noises, a new multimillion-dollar industry has come of age in the incredibly short span of six years.

The Nation assumes that its readers are interested in high fidelity. For one thing, they are music-lovers, as is attested by the devotion with which they follow the weekly column of B. H. Haggin. Moreover, when the tweeter threatens to replace the TV screen as the family icon, a revolution is brewing in the American home that every *Nation* reader ought to know about.

With these facts in mind, we asked a group of experts to discuss various developments in high fidelity in terms understandable to the intelligent layman. The following articles may or may not inspire the reader to become a sound engineer; they will surely increase his interest in good music and in the best method of obtaining it without going to Carnegie Hall.—EDITORS THE NATION.

Promise and Problems . *by James Hinton, Jr.*

FOR six years the industries devoted to the manufacture and sale of records and sound-reproducing equipment generally have been growing at a spectacular rate. Presumably there must at some point be a slowing down, even a regression, as the plateau of balance between supply and demand is approached. But no one can yet say with anything like authority just where that plateau will turn out to be. One thing is sure: the total sales for 1954 will reach somewhere between $300,000,000 and $400,000,000.

The upswing began almost exactly as soon as Columbia Records, in the fall of 1948, took the cold plunge everyone in the record industry, as it was then constituted, feared, and released the first commercial long-playing records. They were successful, to put it mildly, and while one of the other two major producers, London, waited to see just how successful and the other, RCA Victor, countered by releasing the first 45-rpm records, a whole regiment of smaller companies cropped up to issue LP's. Aside from their novelty, the initial success of LP's was based solidly on two advantages they had over the old, conventional 78-rpm records—convenience and economy. However, these advantages had not much to do with the proliferation of small companies. This was made possible by the fact that, in the meantime, tape recording had been perfected, or very nearly so, and that LP's are, characteristically, engraved from taped performances in the laboratory instead of from wax discs engraved laboriously and at huge expense, five perfect minutes at a time, with the performing forces cooped up in a recording studio of special design. Thus the initial outlay necessary to go into the record business was drastically reduced, and, in effect, anyone with money enough to buy a tape machine—or even money enough to buy bootleg radio tapes in Europe—could design his own label, hire a telephone answering service, and be a record company. Columbia itself, out of a desire to establish the new speed, more than anything else, set up a kind of out-patient engineering department to process independent tapes into 33⅓-rpm vinylite discs.

Faced with this, both RCA Victor and London capitulated to the trend and went into LP production themselves, and since its plants are in this country, RCA Victor also began to sell its engineering services to the independents. Obviously, barring subtleties of the Sherman Act, this customer-competitor relationship of the small companies to Columbia and RCA Victor puts everyone in a rather tippy social position, but so long as business continues to be as good as it is, tightening of the noose would be mere humorous caprice. When and if a real price war starts, the story may be different.

From the customer's point of view, the only trouble with LP was that the turntables commercially available in 1948 revolved at 78 rpm, at least approximately, and had no provision for gearing down to 33⅓. This meant that anyone buying his first LP had also to invest in at least a new turntable. Columbia provided one—a cheap, simply designed unit that could be plugged into almost any amplifier-speaker setup. It bridged the gap, but not much more, for a good many people still had 78's for which they had a special fondness, and the constant plugging in and unplugging was a nuisance.

This was the public entrée of the term "high fidelity." For the customer in search of a turntable capable of playing his records at the proper speeds had, at first, to deal with manufacturers of professional audio equipment, which had for some time been infinitely superior in design and performance to any used in even the best commercial radio-phonograph combinations. The story is familiar. Experiment was in the air, and, given that fact, normal human motivations did the rest. More and more people began to scrap the cabinetry and assemble in formations of their own devising components that gave them what sound-engineering hobbyists had for a good while called "high-fidelity" repro-

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duction, by which was meant, simply, reproduction of the full range of frequencies audible, or theoretically audible, to the human ear, with as little distortion of any kind as possible.

Now, unfortunately, the term caught the attention of the commercial-set manufacturers and their advertising and promotion men, who began to use it to describe all manner of sound boxes, including television sets, that fell far short of anything even remotely describable as "high fidelity." All the buyer can do is beware of claims that, if not actually fraudulent, are apt to result in unwise spending of considerable money. The situation is not helped by the fact that even the most reputable manufacturers do not agree straight down the line on just what high fidelity is, and certainly not in terms that are understandable to the average layman. The best advice that can be given is always to remember that "high" in connection with "fidelity" is necessarily comparative —the expression of an ideal, not of an absolute—and that the best criterion that can be applied is that of "naturalness."

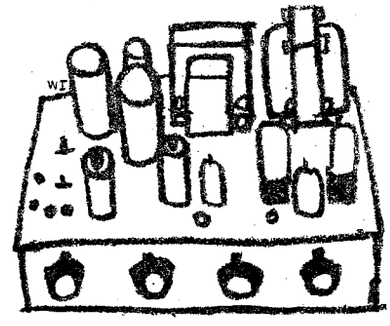
The small original high-fidelity clique, with its cabalistic jargon, its affinity for strange noises, and its general disputatiousness, bore the reputation of being an odd lot of people. It did have its share of mad scientists, and as it has expanded has gained others, but it also had plenty of normal, intelligent people who were simply interested in obtaining the best possible reproduction of sound, and this element is by now a clear majority. More and more people interested primarily in music, and knowledgeable about it, have become interested in high fidelity.

It is great fun to pretend that all owners of high-fidelity "rigs" are lunatics interested only in high-frequency "silent" dog whistles and sixteen-foot organ stops that affect the viscera quite as much as they do the eardrums, but it simply isn't so. However, neither is it so that ownership of a shelf of high-fidelity components is any guaranty of taste in their use. It may be that only the dedicated hi-fi really knows what everyone else is missing in the way of music at home. On the other hand, it is just as possible that what he is hearing and everyone else is missing is something that no one in the least musical would ever want to hear anywhere. For in creating equipment capable of recording, records capable of preserving, and components capable of playing back music at extended frequencies, the engineers have also left almost limitless possibility for human error. No matter how clearly the piccolo is recognizable as a piccolo, the bass drum as a bass drum, it is hard to assign aesthetic value to music that has been mangled because someone in the complex process of getting the music into the living-room twisted the wrong knob. The simplest recording process, under modern conditions, is complicated and frighteningly delicate. Similarly, the home equipment necessary to play recordings is delicate enough in its behavior to make its operation a test of musicality as well as of common sense and manual dexterity. By now almost everyone must have heard the horrid thumpings that can come from a perfectly balanced record just because, as the owner of it says, "I like more bass than they put in," or the weird keenings that can be given off by the same record in the power of a sound-dabbler who is proud of his new super-tweeter.

IT IS customary to picture the world as getting more and more musical every day in every possible way with the sale of another LP record or another well-designed audio component. The theory seems to be that, given the materials to work with, taste will tell, and everyone will be able, perhaps at once, perhaps after a few mistakes of judgment, to put a recording of unspecified characteristics on a turntable, twist the right knobs, and hear the music as it should be heard, without previous experience of it anywhere else, save perhaps in the house of a similarly gifted friend operating under similar conditions.

It has been my observation that this every-home-a-concert-hall theory has a way of working out very haphazardly. When all music tends to come out either bass-heavy or screaming, it does give pause. And when almost everything is played so loudly that the experience becomes mainly physical rather than auditory, it gives even longer pause.

Certainly there is great value in being able to listen to music at home, especially so now that records and equipment can be had that if used properly are capable of giving at least a reasonable impression of a living performance. But it would be a terrible mistake to think that music on records can do more than that. It would be even worse if because of enthusiasm for music on records we were to raise up a generation of listeners who relied entirely on them for their musical experience, guessing as they went along —for that is what it amounts to—how a **live** concert would sound, what an opera performance would be like in the opera house. Ever and always, a loudspeaker will be a loudspeaker and two loud-



speakers two loudspeakers. And Carnegie Hall is Carnegie Hall, not anybody's living room.

There can be great value in listening again and again to a fine performance on records, or, better still to two or three fine performances of the same work on records. Much can be learned that way, both about the music and about the techniques of performance. But the most important thing that can be learned in this way is that the vitality of the experience becomes less and less the more it is repeated—not necessarily because the music has less to offer the second time but because the ear comes to know in advance what is to be revealed. This simply means that in music as a performing art the recreative function is vitally important, and that repeated experiences of music as it pulses and flows in performances that are never quite the same on different occasions, in different contexts, is vital to the formation of real musical taste and discrimination. Without such experiences no one can take the finest and most modern audio equipment and be sure that his manipulations are helping rather than harming the effect.

This problem—almost more than the problem of repertoire on records—is basic to consideration of the effect of high fidelity on our musical taste. Today, with LP and the technical developments that are loosely called high fidel-

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ity, it is possible for the first time to stay at home and hear something enough like full orchestra concerts and opera performances to be aesthetically satisfying. If this stimulates an interest in music in general, it is all to the good. If it makes us a nation of sedentary, non-participating listeners—a kind of aural television audience that gives nothing back to the performers, and, worse, contents itself with rehearing over and over the same officially pronounced "definitive high-fidelity" performances—it can end by being very bad indeed. There is evidence both ways, for although it seems sure that performers build audiences for themselves by making recordings, it is equally sure that dollars spent on recordings are, usually, dollars *not* spent at box offices. And there is so far little indication that audience-building through records is doing much for the music of our own time—which, after all, is the music that must have a hearing if our musical life is to grow in any direction. No one can deny that it is a good thing for there to be available on records an imposing list of Bach cantatas, of Mozart chamber works, of Verdi operas. It is also valuable to have available for all, rather than a few people in the big musical centers, music by Josquin, by Schütz, by Monteverdi, by Vivaldi.

From the standpoint of one primarily interested in serious music, it is worth noting that, percentage-wise, more LP's

of ponderable works were sold last year than ever before, with a corresponding decrease in 78-rpm and 45-rpm popular records, even though the leading seller at RCA Victor was a record of Mario Lanza playing Caruso—hardly the greatest artistic triumph of the year but serious music, by and large, at any rate. Bach sold well, for smaller companies, and so, for everybody, did Beethoven, Brahms, Schubert, Tchaikovsky, and other "staple" composers. But it is a plain disgrace that of all Roy Harris's works only two are to be heard on records, and only two by Wallingford Riegger, to name but two contemporary Americans of proved status.

It is all very well for the record makers to say, when questioned about contemporary music, that it is up to the public to lead the way, that when modern works that sell appear they will record them, and so on, but they can hardly answer so and still claim much credit for broadening the American people's musical taste. If they are going to claim credit for bringing music at all to the great outland mass of music lovers and potential music lovers pictured as being untouched by live performances, then they can hardly escape responsibility for the kind of music they bring them.

In the face of statistics, it would be difficult to deny that the recorded-music boom brought about by LP and high fidelity is having a great influence on the listening habits of Americans. Whether the influence will turn out to be salutary cannot be told. If, to Americans, music becomes something that is bought by brand name and then "appreciated" at home, without active participation even to the extent of sitting in an audience, persons seriously concerned with music itself will not feel very happy. Nor will they if broadening of musical taste turns out to mean simply digging deeper and deeper and farther and farther back into the neglected music of the past. But if records actually *do* build a vital new audience, interested in listening to music as music and in finding out what musical creativity in their own time amounts to, everyone should be pleased with the development.

It's All in the Groove . . . *by Peter Bartók*

IT IS generally supposed that a recording engineer always knows precisely what he is doing and why. I am afraid this is not so. There are members of the profession who say that they can wander around a studio or recording hall, head cocked and one ear stopped, and point to the exact spot where the microphone should be set up. Other engineers have developed complex mathematical formulas for this purpose. The truth is that there are many phases of sound engineering which, scientifically speaking, are about on a par with the use of a divining rod in oil prospecting. Opinions even differ on what "good" sound should sound like. This article will not deal with these broad problems, however, but will be restricted to a discussion of certain electrical and mechanical problems attendant upon the reproduction of sound.

In a college examination paper I once defined "high fidelity" as "the faithful reproduction of a certain original sound." I flunked, the correct answer to the question being: "High fidelity is a frequency response of 30 to 15,000 cps." There are, of course, still other definitions. There are some people who seem to believe that no sound is truly high fidelity unless it is piercing enough to hurt the ear just a little bit; others claim it refers to a predominance of percussion instruments in the music. I have even heard rumors of the formation of a high-fidelity orchestra which will play only high-fidelity compositions! For the purposes of this article, however, let us accept as valid the definition which my college teacher would not accept. In

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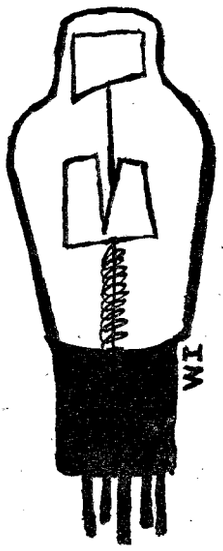


other words, if the effect on the listener of a loudspeaker-produced sound is the same as it would be from a "live-performed" sound in a suitable auditorium with proper acoustics, then let us call the reproduction good. Conversely any deviation in the sound characteristics due to acoustical conditions, in the time-relationship of the various sound components to each other, in their intensity relationship, in the components that are present, makes for bad reproduction.

One way or another it is possible to determine the approximate capabilities and limitations of the human ear. At first blush it would seem useless to construct sound-reproducing equipment of greater sensitivity than the ear, since the additional sensitivity would be lost. This is a fallacy. The total psychological effect of a cluster of sounds is produced not only by the components which are directly audible but by vibration components which are felt in the belly, elements of distortion created in the ear by the loudness of the sounds, and also probably by pain induced in the ear by the supersonic components. In an ideal sound-reproducing system, therefore, all the sound components must be transmitted in their original relationships, regardless of whether they lie within or without the "audible" range.

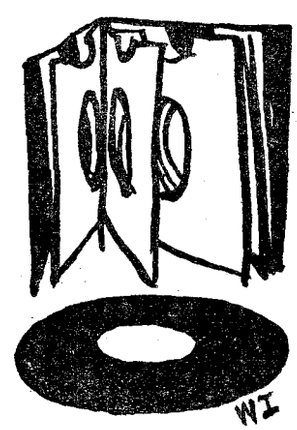
The elements of the system available to us today—the microphone, amplifier, player, recorder, loudspeaker—are far from perfect. They function well neither in the below- or above-audible (supersonic) range; and even within the audible range they show an unevenness of sensitivity. Thus in some musical sounds the overtones get excessive reproduction as compared with the fundamentals, or "basic" tones. The defect is exaggerated in expensive high-fidelity record players, whose owners go to great trouble to assure their friends that the harshness of a violin, as reproduced on their set, is really natural and proper as compared to the same sound heard in a concert hall, which is really "wrong" and "unlifelike." There are many other weaknesses in our present-day equipment. There is the distortion called "phase shift," involving a change in the time-relationship between the sound components: *e. g.,* the fundamentals and the overtones reach our ears at slightly different times (imagine an automobile whose wheels are following fifty yards behind the chassis). When the original duration of various sound components is changed, the effect is called "ringing," and a cello may be blamed for a stronger "wolf" than it really has.

With all these distortions, it is a wonder that reproduced music can still sound pleasant. Fortunately our ears are accustomed to many of these distortions, which are as characteristic of the "live" performance as of the reproduced one. We hear distortion in a soprano's voice and we call it "improper tone production"; too many high frequencies we call "breath sounds." Strings have "wolves," pianos have cracked sounding boards, percussion instruments can be struck badly. All of this makes us more tolerant of small distortions in reproduced sound, since we do not always know the source.

IN disc-recording the cutting stylus must be sharp in order to cut; the playing stylus, or needle, must have a round tip, otherwise it *would* cut. Under the impact of the sound waves the cutting stylus vibrates and cuts a wavy, undulating groove in the disc. The slower the speed at which the disc is revolving, the smaller will be the waves cut by the stylus. But by diminishing the size of the waves, you make it more difficult for the playing stylus, or needle, to follow them faithfully, unless you make the needle so fine it will tend to cut the record. The moment the needle "skids" or loses close contact with the minute undulations it is supposed to follow, distortion arises. The effect flowing from the difference in recording speed is often shown on a single record, where the music sounds better at the outer edge of the disc than it does toward the center, where it revolves more slowly.

There is a fanatical race to put more and more playing time on each record. To achieve this the manufacturer must either increase the size of the record or make the groves finer. Obviously the latter is the method being followed. But the finer the groove, the smaller the waves. And the decrease in the wave size means in turn a decrease in the loudness of the recorded sound. To restore the sound to its original loudness in the playback, amplification is needed. But the greater the amplification the more we hear the little imperfections in the record—the surface noises, "static," and microscopic pittings. Many of these defects are inherent in the material of which the disc is made; others are caused by careless handling and the countless particles of grit from the air which sooner or later have their abrasive effect on the disc's surface. I suppose there is no way of getting rid of grit, but we do have control over the size of the grooves in the record. There was good reason for Columbia to decide to limit its first long-playing records to 22½ minutes of music per side; yet many rush to buy 45-minute sides with grooves so fine they can hardly be played, let alone seen. Anyone who has heard the early 78-rpm (revolutions per minute) records of vinylite, with their broad grooves and minimum need for amplification, will remember their quietness.

Vinylite is a soft, rubbery material, and has certain drawbacks when used in long-playing records. In the reproduction of high-frequency sounds the inertia of the stylus is an important element; vinylite tends to bend out of the way of the stylus rather than to force it to follow the undulations. Tie a paper



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weight on one end of a rubber band, holding the free end of the band and moving the hand slowly up and down. The paperweight will follow your motion. But now move the hand faster; the weight will soon stop its motion altogether. With a disc on which the needle is vibrating at 10,000 times a second the weight or mass of the needle itself has a pronounced effect on performance. Even with the best of modern equipment, 15,000 cycles per second tend to resist reproduction. What happens to the 20,000 cycles-per-second sounds that are so carefully recorded on the disc! The remedy is a harder disc and—or—a lighter pickup stylus. Both are already long past due.

Another common blemish of today's long-playing record is the fact that the manufacturers seem to be having difficulty putting the hole in the geometric center. The hole is often as much as 15 mils off; most record listeners must be familiar with the resultant waver in pitch which repeats itself exactly 33⅓ times per minute. Why this eccentricity should have cropped up in long-playing records I frankly have no idea.

IS recording on tape instead of discs the answer? Not at all. For every disc problem, there is a tape problem; the difficulties are not always the same, but they are equally vexing. The answer lies largely in the hands of the sound engineer. He should design recording rooms with acoustical characteristics that will complement those of the living-room in which the record will eventually be played. He must strike a balance between the large groove which lessens many types of distortion and the small groove demanded by customers who want as much music as they can get on their disc. He must not record too loudly, avoiding distortion; on the other hand, he must record loudly enough so the music overrides the record noises. He must make his records brilliant in order that they will not sound dull on "bassy" playback equipment; but he must also make them "bassy" so that they won't sound too shrill on small equipment. He should seal records in plastic bags to protect them from grit, but on the other hand he has to find ways to please the customer who demands open jackets so that he can play a dozen records or so in the shop before he decides to make a purchase.

A sound engineer's life is not always a happy one.

The Little Fellows Did It . . *by Joseph Riggio*

A FEW weeks ago an advertisement in the magazine section of the New York Sunday *Times* announced "high-fidelity" shirtings for men. A recent issue of *Fortune* has an advertisement of "high-fidelity" packaging. These far-fetched attempts to tie in with the words "high fidelity" are an indication of the tremendous impact the phrase has made on the public.

The November issue of a leading electronic trade magazine reports that "more than 60,000 high-fidelity fans attended audio shows in Chicago and New York in the past month, attesting to the increasing growth of the audio-equipment market. Attendance at the New York show broke all previous records for the event, with an estimated attendance of over 31,000. In Chicago over 28,000 fans attended the event." The report goes on to say that "in Chicago there were 108 firms occupying 132 rooms, with equipment on display ranging in price from $80 for hi-fi kits to $8,000 for complete home theaters."

I shall not attempt to define what this thing called "high fidelity" is or why it has grown so fast. But I should like to examine some of the economic aspects of its vogue, and to do so it is necessary to look back and see how it all started.

Before World War II there were a number of manufacturers interested in catering to the informed engineer or music-lover who wanted record-playing equipment that was somewhat better than the sets then on the market. These people knew that it was possible to replace inferior component parts of a phonograph with better ones, and that one could buy a record changer, an amplifier, and a loudspeaker of known technical excellence and custom-assemble them at home with highly satisfactory results and at a cost, surprisingly enough, much lower than that of a ready-made complete set of comparable quality. During the war all manufacturing of phonograph parts stopped, but as soon as it ended a high-fidelity market emerged.

Being small, the market was naturally taken over by small concerns producing under "craft" conditions. These could not compete with mass-production plants and were therefore largely excluded from the assembled TV-radio-phonograph field. At the same time the giant set manufacturers were not especially interested in tooling up to make high-fidelity parts which they might sell in the hundreds when they could expect to sell their complete sets in the tens of thousands. The larger manufacturers were also preoccupied with the development of television sets, and were concentrating on vision more than on sound.

The pioneer component manufacturers not only had to design and develop their product but set up distribution outlets. Since the music dealer and the neighborhood record shop had not enough confidence or enough funds to establish a high-fidelity department, the manufacturers turned to the radio-parts jobbers. These jobbers, or distributors, were accustomed to selling loudspeakers and amplifiers—whether hi-fi or not—along with transformers, capacitators, and other types of electronic equipment to manufacturers, service dealers, and large industrial plants. They were primarily wholesalers and began to sell retail only because of the growing demand for equipment from high-fidelity addicts and the pressure of manufacturers who were anxious to sell it.

As a result, the radio-parts distributor

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became a sound specialist and in this phase of his business a dealer. And he still functions as such, though within the past year other types of retailers have entered the field in some areas. This division of interests made it difficult for him to supply to consumers the goods they wanted and delayed the high-fidelity boom. In many parts of the country distributors are still not organized for retail selling, but in the large cities parts jobbers have installed excellent sound rooms for demonstrating high fidelity and ingenious switching devices to show how some combinations of equipment compare in sound with others.

While the consumer found it a little harder than it should have been to buy high-fidelity equipment, as compensation he was able to get what he wanted for less than he might have expected to pay. This was because the manufacturer was selling directly to the jobber, who was selling directly to the public, which meant the elimination of at least one "profit step" in the normal radio-distribution channels.

About a year ago, when it became obvious that, despite the many obstacles, the high-fidelity-components business was going to grow rapidly, the larger radio-set manufacturers took another look at the business. The fact that television sets were no longer a novelty and

profit margins not so high as formerly may have had something to do with this second glance. In any case, some manufacturers began to bring out so-called "high-fidelity" models and to use expressions synonymous with "higher fidelity" and "highest fidelity" in their advertising. While true "high fidelity" is difficult to define, sets show wide variations in quality which are clearly apparent to those who are interested in musical realism and can recognize the true sound of an instrument.

Paralleling the growth of the high-fidelity industry has been the growth of publications catering specifically to the industry and to music listeners in the home. Other periodicals which never covered this field in the past are now regularly doing so; many of the country's leading magazines and newspapers give special attention to the subject. Among the publications aimed directly at the high-fidelity enthusiast are *High Fidelity, Music at Home,* and *Audio,* with a combined circulation of roughly 100,000.

Each improved component has demanded equally improved associated components. As the amplifiers became better, they required better pickups. These, in turn, demanded better loudspeakers, which then had to be installed in scientifically designed speaker inclosures. With mechanical improvements in reproduction came more sensitive long-playing recordings. In fact, it may be said that all along the line the quality of music in the home has advanced in the past few years at a rate far exceeding all the progress previously made since the days of Mr. Edison's cylinder.

It is now recognized that the cultural potentials of hi-fi are enormous. The interest in finer sound brings with it an interest in better music, and while the novice in the high-fidelity world may find himself initially preoccupied with sounds and noises rather than with the composition or performance, appreciation of the music finally becomes the focal point of his hobby. A nation which has often been called "sports mad" and has had the reputation of being not too concerned with cultural development, actually spent more money last year in attending organized concerts than in attending organized baseball games!

FM: An Unaccepted Challenge . . *by David Hall*

WHEN I was a student at Phillips Exeter Academy and Yale University, taking advantage of every opportunity to soak up listening experience in concert music, the first reports were filtering through to the public about a new type of broadcasting known as frequency modulation—or, as we now call it, FM. As developed and perfected by the late Major Edward Armstrong, it promised not only completely static-free listening but also the possibility of broadcasting music without the restrictions on frequency and dynamic range imposed by the conventional amplitude modulation, or AM.

Shortly after World War II, I acquired an FM tuner. Listening to occasional live performances on Major Armstrong's FM station in Alpine, New Jersey, and over the FM outlet of New York's municipal station, WNYC, I had my first experience with high-fidelity sound as we know it today. Fortunately, my FM tuner operated through an amplifier-speaker combination which would be looked upon favorably even by today's hi-fi addicts. Hearing a piano or a guitar transmitted by a fine FM signal was a revelation, for at that time phonograph recordings had by no means reached the peak of sonic perfection that they have in today's era of the long-playing disc. I still remember with extraordinary vividness a broadcast of Zoltán Kodály's "Psalmus Hungaricus" from a concert given by the Handel and Haydn Society in Symphony Hall, Boston, which was relayed to the New York area not by the usual telephone lines—which automatically reduce sonic fidelity—but by FM signals passed from one station to another.

For me these experiences awakened

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passionate hopes for this new method of broadcasting. When most of the major networks added FM outlets to their existing facilities, it seemed that the millennium might have arrived; here was the chance to hear Toscanini and the NBC Symphony, the Sunday New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra broadcasts, and the Saturday Metropolitan Opera performances in their pristine splendor—at least if one lived in or near New York.

My expectations were in large measure unfulfilled. While one could hear these broadcasts free from static, an advantage of sorts, it seemed that very little effort was made by the big networks to give to the FM signal the full advantages of increased dynamic and frequency range that it was capable of handling. There remained a slowly growing number of independent FM broadcasters, such as WQXR-FM and WABF in the New York area, as well as the ever-faithful WNYC, which soon had its own FM transmitter; but their stringent budget limitations made live-music broadcasts a comparative rarity on their programs. For the most part the program fare was recorded music—and I might add, very good recorded music. Nevertheless, this could scarcely be called full exploitation of the potentialities of FM broadcasting. I shall not dwell here on the complex of economic and legal factors which stunted the development of FM in its infancy except to say that almost irreparable damage was done by the Federal Communications Commission's reallocation of the FM broadcast channels not long after many thousands had purchased FM receivers designed for the original bands. Also the marketing of low-grade table-model FM-AM radio receivers did much to discredit FM.

THE years since 1948 have seen the full flowering, for good or ill, of television broadcasting, and simultaneously a fantastic multiplication of concert-music records and great improvement in the phonographs on which they are played. The perfection of the long-playing record, the development of wide-range magnetic-tape recording, the availability of high-fidelity components, all this has led highbrows and middlebrows alike to expect the reproduction to encompass a truly wide dynamic range

as well as the full frequency range of human hearing. The past year has seen the first steps taken to make available "three-dimensional" sound reproduction in the form of binaural magnetic tapes, discs, and broadcasts (using simultaneous AM and FM channels). In short, phonograph and magnetic-tape recordings have become the chief media today for high-quality musical reproduction, with FM broadcasting left almost completely in the lurch.

That the colossal expense entailed in television broadcasting has brought about serious curtailment of radio broadcasting by the major networks has had some interesting consequences. The trend in radio broadcasting today, both network and independent, seems to be more and more in the direction of recorded music—be it hillbilly, pop, or classical. This is sensible in terms of the services that can be rendered by radio broadcasting as compared to television. As part of this development, there has been a slow growth among independent broadcasters of the "Third Program" or concert-music station. Where at one time WQXR and WNYC in New York were almost alone in the field, there are now nearly fifty radio stations throughout the country that emphasize serious music in their programming. This does *not* include the many university and educational stations which exchange tape recordings of their outstanding programs. A number of the commercial concert-music stations have combined their efforts through quasi-network operations, such as those of Good Music Broadcasters. They have pooled their programs in many instances either by direct FM relay or through the exchange of magnetic tapes. As might be expected, the majority of these concert-music stations are FM outlets, but a substantial percentage offers both FM and AM.

THIS is a wonderful development that should be encouraged, especially in combination with what has been going on in the recording and high-fidelity home-component field; but there are several flies in the ointment. (1) The "Third Program" stations have not been able to offer live musical performances on any scale beyond that of music for small instrumental and vocal combinations. (2) Almost all live broadcasts from these concert-music stations, and from the major network FM outlets as well, have failed to take advantage of the reproduction techniques that have become commonplace in the phonograph recording field—this with one exception, binaural broadcasts of occasional live performances. To receive these binaural broadcasts in the home, the listener must own both AM and FM receivers. He tunes in on both channels, placing the receivers so that his ears are at the focal point of the sound. Two microphones at the site of broadcasting are placed about eight feet apart and equidistant from the musicians. One microphone feeds the AM transmitter, the other the FM transmitter. The result is a remarkable simulation of the spatial sense experienced in the concert hall.

It seems to me that FM, concert music in the home, and high fidelity belong together in every sense of the word. The time has come, in terms of engineering, for FM concert-music stations to throw the radio-broadcasting rule book out the window and begin seriously using the techniques that have produced such miracles of fine sound on long-playing phonograph records of concert music. Likewise, it behooves all FM broadcasters—in particular those seriously committed to presenting concert music—to work out some way of combining economic forces so that this policy, together with improved engineering practice, will make possible a standard of live-music broadcasting never consistently experienced in this country.

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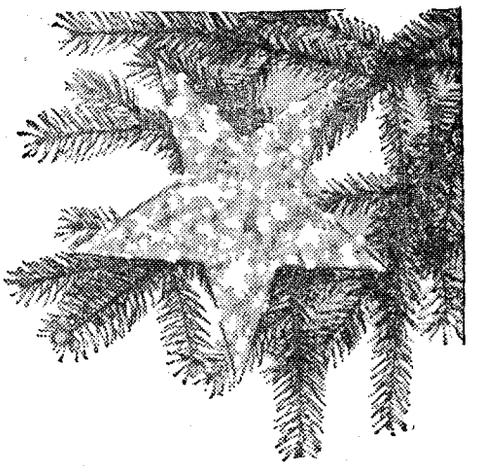

the boy and the Star

He is old enough now to know that the ornament on the tree is more than simply a star . . . to understand the deeper meaning of Christmastime.

Now he knows that it is love that has been shining on the tree year after year, the love that has wrapped and held him . . . that has given him food and warmth and laughter and the promise of joy to come.

Life's great reward is the privilege of giving security to those we love—yet it is possible only in a country like ours.

And, think: When you make *your* home secure you are also helping make America secure. For the strength of America grows as the number of its secure homes increases.

Saving for security is easy! Read every word —now! If you've tried to save and failed, chances are it was because you didn't have a *plan.* Well, here's a savings system that really works — the Payroll Savings Plan for investing in U. S. Savings Bonds. This is all you do. Go to your company's pay office, choose the amount you want to save—a few dollars a payday, or as much as you wish. That money will be set aside for you before you even draw your pay. And automatically invested in Series "E" U. S. Savings Bonds which are turned over to you.

If you can save only $3.75 a week on the Plan, in 9 years and 8 months you will have $2,137.30. If you can save as much as $18.75 a week, 9 years and 8 months will bring you $10,700!

U. S. Series "E" Savings Bonds earn interest at an average of 3% per year, compounded semiannually, when held to maturity! And they can go on earning interest for as long as 19 years and 8 months if you wish.

If you want your interest as current income, ask your bank about 3% Series "H" Bonds which pay interest semiannually by Treasury check.

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BOOKS

Henri Matisse—1869-1954

BY S. LANE FAISON, JR.

IN MATISSE the artist's true function was exemplified. For him creation was discovery and invention became revelation. His aim, consistently stated, was to please; but in pleasing he shaped a world that turned out to be real. There are no more daring color harmonies than Matisse's—except in nature. Six springs ago at the great retrospective in Philadelphia, Matisse and nature engaged in joyous competition: the azaleas with the painter's imagined splendors. If there was no victor in this brilliant rivalry, one could at least say that Matisse forced nature into a successful imitation of art.

In 1954 it is easy to observe that Matisse's color is part of the vocabulary of modern experience. Stage design, textiles, fashion, advertising, and interior decoration all bear witness to his impact. A true disciple of the early Manet, he restored to painting the domination of color conceived in planes. Because of Matisse, and because of him first of all, painting found itself in a condition, too seldom taken advantage of, to serve modern architecture.

It is no disservice to Picasso to assert for Matisse priority in these particular matters. The watershed of Matisse's career is without doubt Le Bonheur de Vivre, that great pagan mural which the Barnes Foundation still makes inaccessible to all but the very few. Developed in studies during the year 1905, it was completed in time for the Salon des Indépendants in the following spring. "If by some chance," says Alfred Barr, "Picasso did not see it at the Salon . . . he surely saw it often at the Rue de Fleurus during the following autumn and winter. Very possibly it inspired him to emulation or at least to the concentration of his resources in a single great effort. . . . In any case, early in 1907, after months of preparation, he began to paint a figure composition larger and more elaborate than any he had attempted before, at least since his student days." Les Demoiselles d'Avignon, now centrally placed in the great anniversary exhibition of the Museum of Modern Art, is Picasso's own crossing of the great divide that separates the nineteenth from the twentieth century.

Curiously enough, for all its progressiveness and for all its influence on Picasso and on other younger colleagues of Matisse, the Bonheur de Vivre is strikingly traditional. It has strong overtones of Gauguin and Toulouse-Lautrec in its curvilinear forms and areas of bold flat color, not to mention its idyllic, even Puvis de Chavannes kind of innocence. The accident of birth placed Matisse in the generation of the sixties as a near contemporary of other great spirits who molded or deflected that dominant decorative style of the end of the nineteenth century which we have come to know as Art Nouveau. Lautrec, Kandinsky, and Munch were of his generation (Lautrec was only five years older); Picasso, Léger, and Derain were not. Though Matisse, very much like Cézanne, was slow to develop, his roots were deep in his own generation even when his genius at length emerged. That is, one supposes, at least a partial explanation of why Cubism had so little impact on his art: Cubism, invented by Picasso and Braque, reoriented by Léger, and sympathetically approached after 1910 even by Derain, who was Matisse's most ardent colleague in Fauvism.

If Matisse respected tradition more than Picasso, it never interfered with the continued unfolding of his career. Perhaps the most inspiring part of it was its end. Very few artists go on in their seventies and eighties to ever more lyrical outpourings, controlled by wisdom's demand for simplicity and directness. Matisse was one of these.

Sensitivity Without Discipline

THIS ROWDY HEART. By Frances Frost. The Golden Quill Press. $2.

By John Ciardi

THE more poetry reviews I see, the more I begin to think reviewers have entered some sort of age of tenderness, the founding faith of which seems to be that respect for the human feelings of the writer is reason enough for not calling a bad book bad in so many words. I say nonsense. Aside from what gets put down on the page, the poet has no humanity. The citizen the poet may be when he is not putting words on a page is another thing altogether. That citizen puts himself in a special bracket by the act of publication, and must risk open criticism as part of that act. I think Miss Frost has written a bad book, I think it is bad in ways that can reasonably be identified, and I may be wrong.

The poems divide roughly into two groups: poems about the state of the world and poems about the state of New England. The world, one gathers, is about to go boom, but New England, one cannot doubt, still has character.

Unfortunately, the New England character is too often left to be expressed by New England characters, and stagy characters at that. Put briefly, the New England poems strike me as too cute. Put more precisely, the writing asks, by implication, for more sympathy than I am willing to give to a set of fairly stock characters. I cannot find them as significant and admirable as the author seems to. So for the Yankee trader who, though he will run up a fever at being cheated, still "hardly ever says more than 'Beats all!'" The jacket singles out this bit of sweetness as a point of merit. I find it dull, coy, and thrice-told.

Regionalism, of course, is a trap for all but the very best writers. Miss Frost's badness when she addresses the state of the world is both more absolute and more identifiable. She opens this collection with a piece that must be quoted in full, Cradle Song:

Rockabye, my twentieth century baby,
rockabye on the luminous mushroom's top.
When the wind blows, my radioactive
baby,

JOHN CIARDI is associate professor of English at Rutgers University. His translation of "The Inferno" has just been released by Mentor Books.

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the heart of nations and your heart will stop.
When the atom breaks, my sweet sun-blasted baby,
the mushroom and the cradle of love will fall,
and down will come my blinded star-crossed baby,
cities, and seas, the millioned earth and all.

I gather that Miss Frost's idea here was to write something both tender and bitterly ironic by marrying the lullaby and the *boom*. I doubt that disaster can be had this cheaply. A poet has to earn his disasters into his feelings, as, say, Dylan Thomas does in the Refusal to Mourn.

I find Miss Frost's poem silly-coy. I don't think the poem thinks through its own metaphoric levels. Note the number of confusions in the simple literal saying of the idea. Baby is *on* the cloud, and I will insist that's about as radioactive as one can get: he certainly will not need the wind to blow "hot" dust on him. "When the atom breaks," writes Miss Frost; but what produced the cloud the baby is on if not the splitting (does one "break" an atom?) of the atom? The original jingle at least had sequence: in Miss Frost's hands nothing comes out in relation to anything else. How justify, for example "and down will come . . . seas"? Give them the ultimate jolt and they may go up in steam, but I will not be persuaded that a sea can be blown down.

A basic formula of these state-of-the-world poems seems to be the bringing together of a simplicity (baby, plum-dark hills, chimney smoke, human decency) and a boom-boom threat (cyclotron, war, the atom). Mix together and you have a poetic perception. I doubt that it is that easy.

Consistently, too, Miss Frost misreports the fact of what she is talking about. So, in bidding sailors and airmen to come home from war she writes:

In whatever time zone, latitude, longitude, set sail, spread wing, but come.

I must object to "spread wing." Sailors may be said to "set sail"; aviators certainly do not "spread wing" when they take off. In flight or on the ground, the wings of a plane are equally spread. Certainly, too, someone should tell Miss Frost that time zones are not distinct from longitudes, and that the elements of her opening series, therefore, tend to blur uncritically together.

A different kind of badness occurs in Refugee Ship Toward Israel, where we are told "The small ship with its ballast of hearts gropes slowly." There is no doubt about what Miss Frost intends here; still the suggested image of *x* hundred hearts stored in the hold as ballast is inescapable and offensive in just the way Wordsworth found Cowper's use of "the sound of the church-going bell" a "strange abuse." Cowper's intent was clear enough, but the image of that bell trundling off to church remains foolishly in view.

Poetry requires more than sensitivity and decency—which Miss Frost clearly has; it requires also a talent and the hard insistence of an aesthetic discipline, neither of which I am able to find in her poetry.

Selected Art Books

MODERN PRINTS AND DRAWINGS. *Selected by Paul J. Sachs.* Knopf. $7.50. Primarily a picture book with nearly three hundred illustrations running from Goya and Géricault to the present. The selection itself mirrors the experience and connoisseurship of the man more responsible than anyone else for building up Harvard's great drawing and print collections. The commentary is divided between rather elementary chapter introductions and free-wheeling reactions to individual works often wise and illuminating.

WATER COLORS BY ALBRECHT DURER. Text by Anna Maria Cetto. Macmillan. $5.50. Thirty-two fine color plates of Dürer's rare work in the medium of water color, somewhat extended to include black-and-white ink drawings on tinted paper, and accompanied by a good brief introduction and extensive commentary on each drawing. The subjects are varied—landscapes, a tree, grasses, a sea crab, helmets, a hare, figures, portraits, classical themes, and compositions for prints and paintings. This book makes a fine supplement to Panofsky's standard two-volume work on Dürer.

OCEANIC ART. Photographs by Friedrich Hewicker, with Text by Herbert Tischner. Pantheon Books. $8.50. These 96 superb plates do for Melanesian and Polynesian art what the Bollingen publication has done for African Negro sculpture. The text includes individual comment on each work, a bibliography, and a map. The art of Melanesia (New Guinea and the Solomons) is accurately described as demonic; that of Polynesia (Tahiti and the Gauguin country) as more sober. Micronesia (Truk and the atolls) is given little attention, no doubt because of the relative unimportance of its production. The plates make an interesting supplement to Malraux's contentions about the modern discovery of primitive art.

SIGNS AND SYMBOLS IN CHRISTIAN ART. By George Ferguson. Oxford. $10. A good book of reference for the general reader. It is adequately indexed and is illustrated with marginal line cuts and 120 plates (16 in color) of examples of Renaissance art owned by the Kress Foundation or presented by it to the National Gallery and other American museums.

REALISM IN ART. By Sidney Finkelstein. International Publishers. $2.50, cloth; $1.50, paper. The subtitle on the cover indicates that this 190-page book treats "the relation between artistic beauty and real life in painting from primitive origins to today." Only on the painting of today is Finkelstein of interest. He uses generous quotes from Marx and Engels to bolster a foggy notion that art should represent directly the activities and appearances of society. Thus modern art is no good, and Winslow Homer is good primarily because he painted the Negro in Civil War times and returned to this theme later on, when imperialism was moving into the Caribbean.

AMERICAN PAINTING: THE LIGHT OF DISTANT SKIES. By James Thomas Flexner. Harcourt, Brace. $10. Planned as the second of a many-volume history of American painting, this continues the skilful combination of fine scholarship and good writing that marked "Flowers of our Wilderness." The period covered runs from 1760, when Benjamin West was received in Italy as the noble savage, to 1825, when the new school of romantic landscape painting took center stage from the portraitists. Elaborate bibliographies and indices, together with 100 moderately good plates, support the authoritative character of this very readable and intelligent book.

THE EAGLE, THE JAGUAR, AND THE SERPENT: INDIAN ART OF THE AMERICAS. By Miguel Covarrubias. Knopf. $15. A beautifully designed and profusely illustrated study of Indian art in Alaska, Canada, and the United States. The famous caricaturist Covarrubias, having drunk deep at the well of archaeology, now joins the ranks of dedicated scholars.

S. LANE FAISON, JR.

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Violence in Harlem

NORTH OF WELFARE. By William Krasner. Harper and Brothers. $3.50.

THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE. By Evan Hunter. Simon and Schuster. $3.50.

By Stanley Cooperman

A SUDDEN eruption of headlines in any particular area usually acts like a trigger for the production of novels. All too often, of course, novels following closely after headlines are no more than quick speculations on the literary market. Occasionally, however, the news stories may touch upon a crisis whose roots go down through the years, a situation with enough social drama for serious fiction.

The "new Harlem" of New York City and the trade schools of its educational system contain solid material for novels of discovery as well as those which simply place a narrative frame around the latest tabloid sensation. The difference between the two types of fiction may not be immediately obvious. The calculated novel of violence usually gives some valid background, and an attempt at realism will include violence. William Krasner in his latest novel focuses largely on stereotyped "action" while making a pretense of social documentation. Evan Hunter, on the other hand, in "The Blackboard Jungle," a merciless recreation of a New York vocational school, uses violence organically in sharp and effective realism.

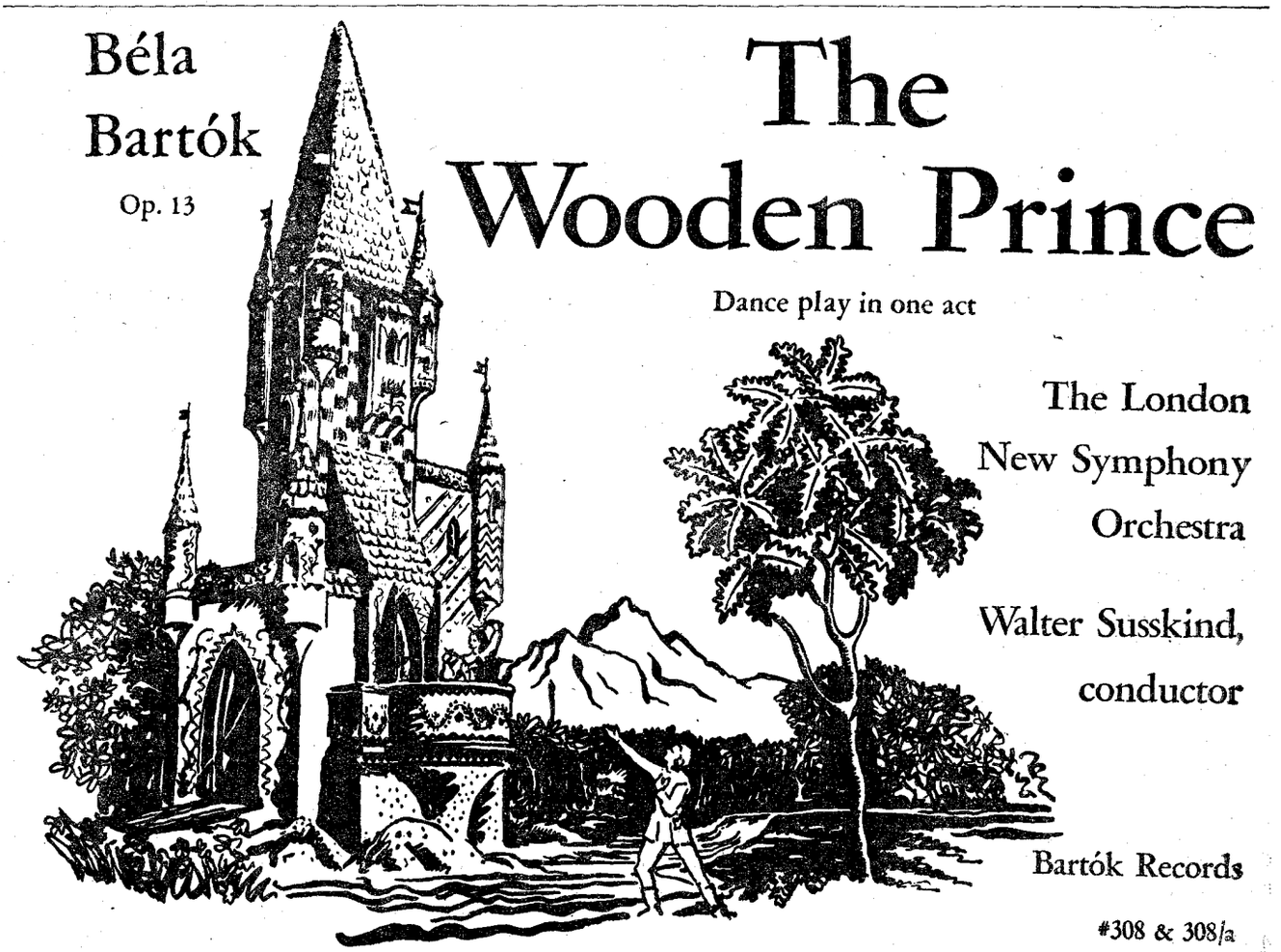
The social problem in Harlem has been enormously complicated by a great influx of Puerto Ricans. The newcomers have in many areas replaced the Negro on the bottom rung of the economic ladder; and one result of this displacement is the growth of a Negro commercial group which feeds on the Puerto Rican much as whites fed on the Negro only a few years ago. The central force is flux —boiling changes which have spread out concentrically to the entire city.

This is volatile material for fiction, but William Krasner in "North of Welfare" has largely ignored it. Krasner's observations are the usual ones of slum fiction, at best adequate, more often window dressing for melodrama. There is a hero, a strong guy in the tradition of all strong guys, moving vaguely to binge and beating; there is Marie, "in years still a child but emotionally a woman"; there are the honest but calloused detective, the respectable girl, the worried mother, and so on.

Like most derivative novels of realism, "North of Welfare" focuses almost entirely on surface action and appearance; motivation is "given" to the reader rather than developed through narrative. But even the surface is not sharply depicted. A poor photograph may be better than no picture at all, but William Krasner, touching upon a tremendous new area of human conflict, has obscured the potential value of his work with a montage of unessentials.

The good surface realism of "The Blackboard Jungle" hides its lack of depth. Hunter lays to rest for all time

STANLEY COOPERMAN is a freelance writer who specializes in the criticism of fiction.



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the notion that high-school teaching is simply a white-collar job with "short hours and long vacations." Education, for thousands of boys in New York City, is often a violent hypocrisy, prime examples of which are the "trade schools" set up as depositories for the unmanageables of the academic school system.

The original reason for establishing these schools was sound enough: adolescents who could not, for a variety of psychological and social reasons, profit from academic education should be given the opportunity to learn useful skills. But the schools swiftly degenerated. Relegated to the oldest buildings and poorest neighborhoods, they became the Siberia of the educational system for teachers and students alike, and the inevitable result was self-perpetuating violence and cynicism.

Evan Hunter breaks through the verbiage which has long clouded the facts of vocational teaching with his story of a young man who tries to extract meaning and hope from this educational underworld. It is true that he makes only cursory attempts to probe the wellsprings of the action he photographs so well, but he succeeds in dramatizing an area heretofore neglected in fiction.

A Christian and a Socialist

AGAINST THE STREAM. By Karl Barth. Philosophical Library. $3.75.

By Waldo Frank

KARL BARTH is one of the few men living today in Europe who are influential as *Christians.* His powerful intellect has done much to revitalize the reformed church; as he stems from Kierkegaard, Paul Tillich and Reinhold Niebuhr derive in part from him. But more intensely than these men, more than such corresponding leaders as the Catholic Jacques Maritain, the Jewish Franz Rosenzweig and Martin Buber, Barth has been a man of action. He is a militant Socialist. It is hardly necessary to add that he dissents with all his Christian soul from the atheist materialism and the police-state authoritarianism of the Soviets and that he was a passionate foe of fascism and of Hitler. But in our day of intellectual cowardice and confusion it is worthy of note that Barth has never failed to keep his standards and distinctions clear, never flagged in his fight on the capitalist system, always refused to permit his opposition to the Communists to blind him to his duty, as a Christian Socialist, to expose the public sins on this side of the Iron Curtain.

WALDO FRANK is a distinguished social philosopher, literary critic, and novelist.

In this little volume are collected some of Barth's writings from 1946 to 1952. They make good reading, particularly for a modern American—these political utterances of an orthodox Christian for whom the literal acceptance of the gospel of Christ is the cornerstone for social action.

"May I tell a little story?" Barth writes. "In the summer of 1947 I sat in Berlin for a whole afternoon with a group of real, flesh-and-blood Communists." At the close of the argument he quoted Ecclesiastes to them:

> "Be not righteous over much; neither make thyself over wise; why shouldst thou destroy thyself?" (adding that that could be truly said of the Western church as well!), and then continuing: "Be not over much wicked, neither be thou foolish; why shouldst thou die before thy time?" (adding that that might well be said against or, rather for you men of the Eastern persuasion). Curiously enough, these Communists put up with this without a murmur and allowed it to be the final word of our discussion.

One wistfully wonders what might happen—what miracle!—if this spirit stole into the endless and elaborate meetings of the foreign ministers!

On another page Barth says:

> If, as I hope, we do not condemn the Asiatic world outright simply because some form or other of despotism has always been, and very largely still is, the accepted form of public life, then it is pertinent not to omit to discriminate, in our view of contemporary communism, between its totalitarian atrocities as such and the positive intentions behind them. . . . It would be quite absurd to mention in the same breath the philosophy of Marxism and the "ideology" of the Third Reich; to mention a man of the stature of Joseph Stalin in the same breath as such charlatans as Hitler, Göring . . . Himmler . . . Streicher. What has been tackled in Soviet Russia—albeit with very dirty and bloody hands and in a way that rightly shocks us—is, after all, a constructive idea, the solution of a problem which is a serious and burning problem for us as well, and which

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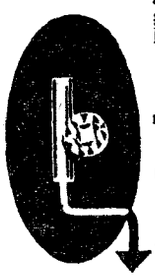

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we, with our clean hands, have not yet tackled anything like energetically enough: the social problem.

Barth in 1948 penetrates the Iron Curtain to visit the Protestants of Hungary. Boldly he instructs them in no way to abdicate to the totalitarian state nor to surrender to it a single one of their values; yet never to fail to acknowledge that state's formal intention toward social justice and the loyalty it wins in the minds of many, however mistaken they may be. Then Karl Barth returns to our own world of the West. And he writes: "Curiously enough, I came across more calm and serene people there [in Hungary] than in Basle. I found them occupied with genuine, serious, and burning problems." And he continues: Must the church then move with the stream and thus side with America and the Vatican merely because . . . it has been rightly said that totalitarianism is a dreadful thing? . . . I am of the opinion that the church today—contrary to its action between 1933 and 1945—ought to stand aloof from the present conflict and not let off all its guns before it is necessary. . . . Where is our justification for talking about a "Christian West" and all of a sudden wanting to come to the aid of this "Christian West" with a summons to an intellectual, political, and one day military crusade? What fools or hypocrites we should have to be to stoop to that!

What a relief to hear a voice of such courage, such lucid and broad balance, in our wilderness of "practical men" vying with one another in pusillanimity and hysteria!

History and Biography

SPIES FOR THE BLUE AND GRAY. By Harnett T. Kane. Hanover House. $3.50. An account of Civil War espionage with emphasis on the women practitioners who proved again that "the female of the species is not only the deadlier of the sexes but also the livelier." Mr. Kane provides a formidable bibliography and an even more impressive list of manuscripts and authorities consulted, but his book, while entertaining, is slick rather than scholarly.

THE LIFE OF JOHN STUART MILL. By Michael St. John Packe. Macmillan. $6.50. A well-written book occasionally marred by a hint of condescension in the author's attitude toward his subject, this biography is built around Mill's twenty-year love affair with Harriet Taylor. Drawing on new documentary material, Mr. Packe treats this famous platonic liaison in exhaustive, indeed exhausting, detail, but his account of Mill's intellectual development and achievement hardly does full justice to the man whom Gladstone called "the Saint of Rationalism."

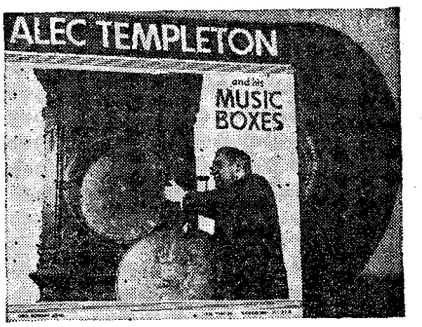
THE REMARKABLE MR. JEROME. By Anita Leslie. Henry Holt. $4. Leonard Jerome, besides being remarkable as the father of three beautiful and talented daughters and the grandfather of Winston Churchill, was a financier, sportsman, and patron of the arts with a big reputation in nineteenth-century New York. Miss Leslie, a great-granddaughter, drawing on a wealth of family papers, makes a fascinating story out of his ups and downs of fortune. She also reveals the fact that Sir Winston, through his grandmother, has a modicum of Iroquois blood and throws new light on the famous quarrel between his father, Lord Randolph Churchill, and the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII.

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE ON THE EVE OF COLONIZATION: 1603-1630. By Wallace Notestein. New American Nation Series. Harper. $5. A fascinating account of the society that sent forth the first settlers of tidewater Virginia and New England's stern and rock-bound coast—a society whose outlook was rapidly changing although it retained many medieval institutions. Professor Notestein combines a delightful style with a vast knowledge of this period.

A DANGEROUS FREEDOM. By Bradford Smith. J. B. Lippincott. $3.95. From the days of Plymouth Rock, voluntary association with its indispensable corollary, freedom of assembly, has been a major ingredient of American democracy. Bradford Smith's informal history of this "dangerous freedom" is most timely in view of the clear and present danger of its erosion by the alien principle of guilt by association.

I LIKE PEOPLE. By Grove Patterson. Random House. $3.50. Editor-in-chief of the Toledo *Blade*, Mr. Patterson has an engaging personality which emerges in nostalgic reminiscences of early newspaper days. But a large part of this autobiography is devoted to the many celebrities interviewed by the author in the course of his incessant travels. His impressions of them are shallow and bear out Mr. Patterson's self-description as a man who "has never suffered from even a slight degree of sophistication."

KEITH HUTCHISON



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Old-Age Assistance

OUR NEEDY AGED. A CALIFORNIA STUDY OF A NATIONAL PROBLEM. By Floyd A. Bond and Others. Holt. $4.50.

The early New England communities had a practice of lending a "town cow" to the neediest family. In 1954 the state of California pays $225,000,000 annually in old-age-assistance grants to 270,000 "needy" people aged sixty-five or over, which is 29 per cent of the population in this age group. Taking a critical look at this development of the concept of assistance to the needy, the authors of this book note that many people in California regard old-age assistance as a pension and a right of older people rather than a grant of relief based on need.

The book is a solid factual study of the California old-age-assistance program, seen against the practices of the other states. It is also a sociological study of the lives of the people who receive old-age assistance compared with those who do not. This latter study was made by interviewing a well-selected sample of people over sixty-five, the most extensive study of the older age group in our population ever made through interviews.

The book ends with a set of recommendations which would have the effect of keeping the California program essentially a relief program for the needy, while the federal Old Age and Survivors Insurance program gradually assumes the main burden of providing economic security in old age. In an interesting chapter on the political aspects of the pension movement in California, the authors are critical of all such movements, paying special attention to George H. McLain, the "Great White Father to the Old Folks," who has had the greatest success in organizing political support for an expanded old-age-assistance program to be regarded as a right rather than a grant in response to need.

About the Irish

MORE STORIES. By Frank O'Connor. Knopf. $5.

Frank O'Connor writes not of Irish poor or Irish pixies but Irish people, and very human people too. Nor does he depend on the tinkle of brogue, although some of his Gaelicisms are delightful. Possessed of the one essential ability for any short-story craftsman—the ability to change mood and manner to suit the immediate literary target—O'Connor evokes a many-faceted culture. Here are the city and village, the eccentric and the orthodox, the middle-class sitting-room and the pub, all woven together in dynamic patterns.

O'Connor with his short stories achieves, as few but the most experimental novels can do, a panoramic recreation of life within but transcending a particular society, and this from different points of reference. He will focus one tale on an aging Don Juan, another on a tragi-comic adolescent, and another on the violence of revolution. Each balances against the others, and all have pungency and life. The net effect is that of a mosaic—bright and dark bits of fiction which join together and become a larger unit, a literary mural.

O'Connor is never dull; he is honest enough to acknowledge that "everyday" life has its charm and tragedy, and artist enough to recreate both beautifully. There can be no doubt that he is one of the ablest practitioners of the short story now working.

Theater

Harold Clurman

MY ACCOUNT of the London production of Graham Greene's "The Living Room," which appeared in *The Nation* of August 15, 1953, was rather severe. On rereading it in the light of the play's New York production (Henry Miller Theater) I find that while my opinion has not substantially altered, I am inclined to speak of the play in much more indulgent terms. The reason for this change is that in London I saw it as a play disassociated from any specific theater environment, whereas in New York I regard it, for all its intrin-

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sic faults, as superior to most of the stage entertainment offered this season.

"The Living Room" is in large measure an expression of faith by an adult and literate man. Most of our plays at present are hardly an expression of anything: they are contrivances for kids. Though it resembles realistic drama, "The Living Room" is essentially a morality play. Its morality may dismay many Americans and be incomprehensible to others, but we should not forget that this play—successful in London and Paris—reflects the state of mind of many intelligent people all over the Western world.

The house of which the living room is the center is at once a strange London home in which a disabled priest and his elderly maiden sisters live and an oblique symbol for the Catholic church. It was a great house once, but the two sisters, one good-hearted, credulous, and extremely simple-minded, the other narrow and bigoted with a terrible dread of death, have gradually turned it into a house of fear. The sisters have locked all the rooms where anyone has died until now but one living room remains, so cramped that it adjoins the only lavatory on the premises.

Young life appears in the person of a niece who has come from a convent school and who, on the death of her mother, has become the ward of the aunts and uncle who dwell in the old house. The girl has fallen in love with a married man whose wife refuses him a divorce. One aunt is not allowed to understand what is happening, the other does everything in her power to kill the affair, the priest tries to intercede humanely. The girl is tortured by the pain of hurting her lover's wife. Unable to be convinced by the priest's plea that she renounce her love and wait for God's healing—for the godly in this household are people who have turned their eyes from reality—she commits suicide.

The purport of this story is to tell us first that we cannot not suffer in life, that we must trust in some metaphysical justification for our suffering or we cannot live, and that neither a dry rationalism nor an empty piety can sustain us in our common dilemma. The answer must lie in a faith beyond logic and a church open to all the contradictions that reality presents.

Whether one considers the play's message too pessimistic or too special in its orientation—Americans live in a predominantly activist and secular-minded atmosphere—the fact remains that Greene here touches many sensitive spots in the consciousness of any mature person's life. His play therefore is generally absorbing. What it lacks is creative spontaneity, a sense of direct experience, the eloquence of original emotion. The play is constricted by a kind of shrewd though earnest literary diplomacy, calculated to satisfy the demands of the author's various interests —to present an effective show, a disturbing demonstration and a reasonable statement of his beliefs.

The production suffers here as it did in London by being directed with too sharp an efficiency, which makes it more melodramatically compelling than moving. Still, the local company, headed by Barbara Bel Geddes and Walter Fitzgerald, is a very good one, and the total performance entirely creditable.

"WEDDING BREAKFAST" by Theodore Reeves (Forty-eighth Street Theater) is a New York idyl. Lost in the great, noisy, machine-made maze of our city, good little people are still worried by the simplest and most basic things, such as the problem of getting married. Some find it difficult to get married because they are poor and would like to be married in furnishings of their own choosing; some run into difficulty because they have been warped in a first attempt and even more subtly because they are looking for a mate above the commonplace.

Out of this "baby" material Reeves has written a serio-comic play which is tender and sweet, charmingly humorous, and with a greater amount of truthful observation than one might at first suspect.

There are obstacles in the author's way. Sometimes his writing is too archly mannered in the vein of the Arthur Kober dialect, which is an invented rather than a true speech. Then, too, the older sister, who is the pivot of the play's story, is not a wholly realized character. This girl, being "college-educated" in a milieu where that estate is held in peculiar esteem, feels impelled to shape her prospective husband to a standardized version of the "socially acceptable" professional man who can recognize a Picasso when he sees one

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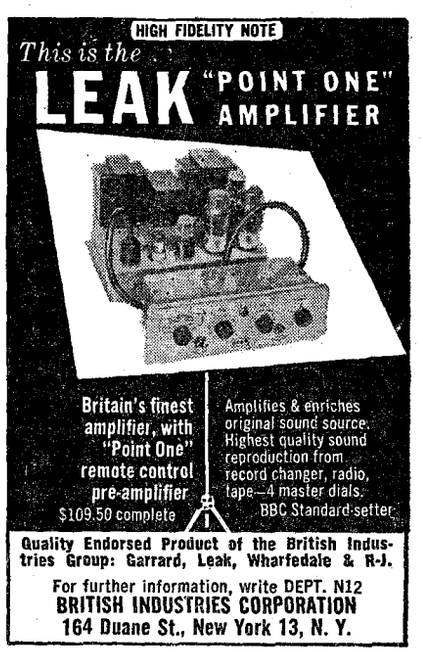
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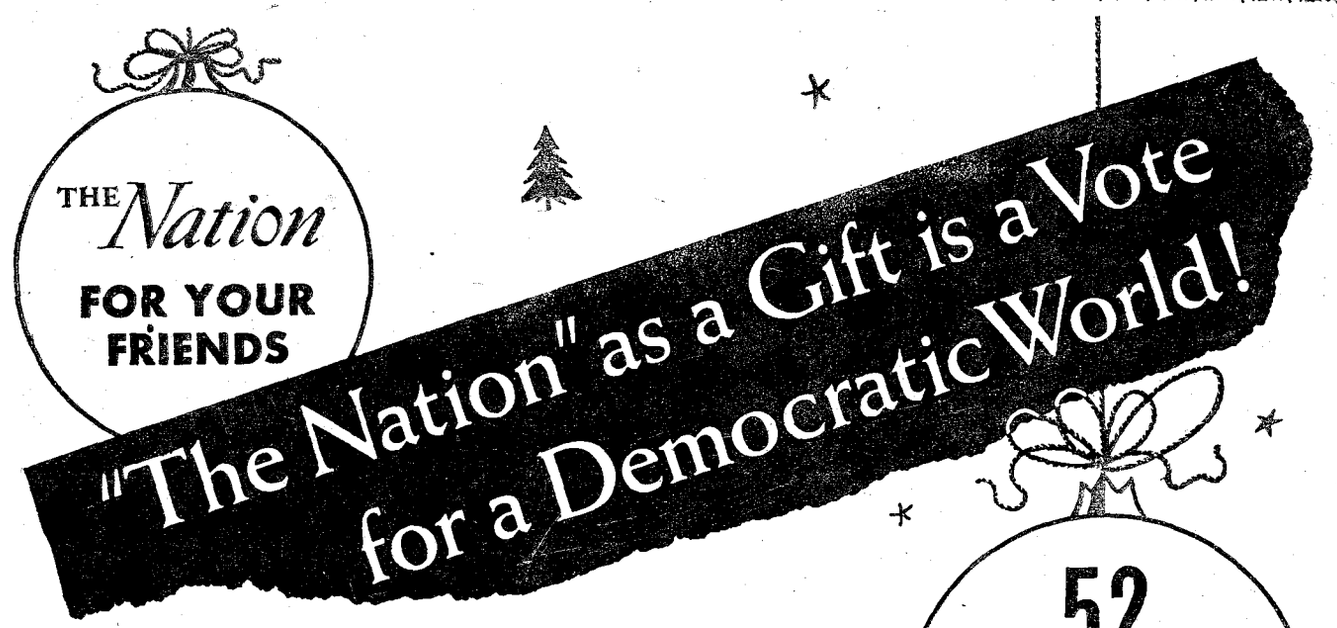

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and knows what chamber music is. Such a girl is not an uncommon type and has her pathos, but our audience, which has its own brand of snobbishness, refuses to sympathize with her; and it is an unwritten law of the American theater that a play's leading character must be sympathetic—or entirely horrible! The author therefore feels obliged to water the girl down so that her blemish seems a minor and temporary quirk rather than a fatal defect. The result is something indecisive but troublesome in a story that at the outset seems to have been created for nothing but amusement.

This difficulty might possibly have been resolved if the play had been staged more poetically—the heavy literalness of the set is a grave directorial error—with the four lonely figures of the play seen as bright but pathetic midges of humanity lost in the dark night of the vast urban world which dominates them but in which their innermost souls stand somewhat apart. The play would then be less conventionally funny but ultimately more poignant. Lacking such an approach the play may strike some as too light for its seriousness, too complex for its comedy.

The acting is exemplary. Lee Grant in the most difficult part, Virginia Vincent, Harvey Lembeck, Anthony Franciosa are all fine. Herman Shumlin as director must certainly share the credit for this, though he tends to force his actors into a meticulousness which has the virtue of clarity but the vice of hypertension. Despite these reservations "Wedding Breakfast" has a kind of delicacy, a thin but telling stroke in character delineation, and a not unwholesome sentimentality in regard to the ordinary people around us—whom, with our taste for the unusual and our blindness to the normal, we almost invariably overlook.

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Music

B. H. Haggin

AT A RECENT concert the Concert Society of New York had Virgil Thomson conduct a small orchestra and vocal soloists in the first New York performance of Satie's "Socrate," which Thomson has frequently spoken of out of deep devotion. It is curious that not even the League of Composers should have presented this famous work here before; and I am grateful to Thomson and the Concert Society for the opportunity to hear it. Hearing it at last I found it quite unimpressive in its operation as a work of art, but interesting as the model for Thomson's operation in his own vocal pieces earlier in the concert, which I found more impressive than Satie's. That is, in Thomson's Stabat Mater (1932) for soprano and string quartet and his Four Songs to Poems of Thomas Campion (1951) for mezzo-soprano and a trio of harp, viola, and clarinet I heard a voice part that could be described by the terms he uses for Satie's—"fluid, conversational, ultrasensitive, non-repetitive, and non-metrical"—moving, as in "Socrate," against the formally organized instrumental accompaniment; and I found Thomson's voice parts and instrumental accompaniments to be more freshly and imaginatively inventive, more attractive, and more expressively effective than Satie's. The pieces were excellently performed—the Stabat Mater by Phyllis Curtin and the Guilet Quartet, the Campion songs by Alice Howland and a trio comprising Edward Vito, Emanuel Vardi, and Robert McGinnis, and "Socrate" by the two singers and the orchestra. Thomson also conducted Bach's Suite No. 2, with Julius Baker as flute soloist, and Mozart's Symphony K.319; and my guess is that he supplied the excellent tempos, general style, and phrasing, while the orchestra—mostly a group from the former NBC Symphony—provided the beautiful tone, precision, and finish.

In recent years Thomson has combined journalism with an increasing amount of concert activity; and one learned to anticipate, in the Sunday article about a university chorus and orchestra in some remote place, the inevitable "In a performance of this writer's cantata. . . ." His Concert Society appearance signalized his complete substitution of concert activity for journalism for the purposes of earning a living and furthering his career as a composer. And since an enlightened public is as important in music as in politics, Thomson's departure from the New York *Herald Tribune* is a disaster. He could be irresponsible, he could be nonsensical, in recent years he was increasingly bored and wrote more than ever about what he imagined rather than what he heard; but he had the equipment of critical perception that is the one essential in criticism, and when it was allowed to operate on what was before him it produced the only newspaper criticism of music worth reading. For he was the only one with this equipment; and now there is no one.

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There is worse than no one: there is his successor on the *Herald Tribune* music page. Reviewing in *The Nation* the published volume of addresses delivered at the Harvard Symposium on Music Criticism in 1947, Henry David Aiken wrote of Professor Paul Henry Lang's address that his "confused and vindictive diatribe against the 'musical journalist' is a nearly perfect instance of the failure to distinguish between understanding of music and knowledge about music which is the besetting vice of so many academic music historians. That the level of a great deal of contemporary musical journalism is pitiably low is no secret. But the cure for this is not more historical erudition but a more intense and sensitive devotion to the felt quality of music. . . . Lang's position . . . is typical of the historicist for whom real understanding of works of art is achieved, not by attending to what one directly hears and feels in them, but rather by learning about the 'soil and surroundings they grew from.' . . . The reply to Lang is clearly indicated in the addresses of Forster and Sessions: 'What, meanwhile, has become of Monteverdi's Vespers?' What has happened to the 'perceptible shape' of the work of art? Lang and Wind give little indication that they know what these questions mean. That is why I am obliged to say that the interests of music are not well served by learned minds for whom the 'central aesthetic quest' is merely an incident in the history of human culture. These interests are far better served by such 'journalists' as Virgil Thomson, for whom the experience of music is the cardinal musical fact."

To replace a critic who had the capacity for "real understanding . . . achieved . . . by attending to what one directly hears," the *Herald Tribune* chose one of the "learned minds" whose very first piece of writing for the paper demonstrated his lack of that capacity. It was diatribe no. 1 out of the familiar Lang repertory—the attack on the big orchestra and program music, written in the familiar Lang prose with which the *Herald Tribune* has replaced Thomson's brilliant writing—all about our continuing "bondage to the times when artists shed their tears before a mirror, gloried in their sorrows in stentorian tones that shook the decor, were possessed of pathos to overflowing, and in their simulated anger slashed the air with tin swords, whereupon the scared bourgeois had to be humored and reassured with bonbons. . . . As we push toward the new century, the twentieth, the gestures become even more expansive, the passions more violent, the compositions more crowded, the colors more intense. . . ." As a description of Berlioz's use of the large orchestra in the nineteenth century, of Debussy's or Stravinsky's in the twentieth, even of Mahler's, or even of Strauss's in "Don Quixote," this is the writing of a man who never has attended to what is to be heard in the music he is talking about.

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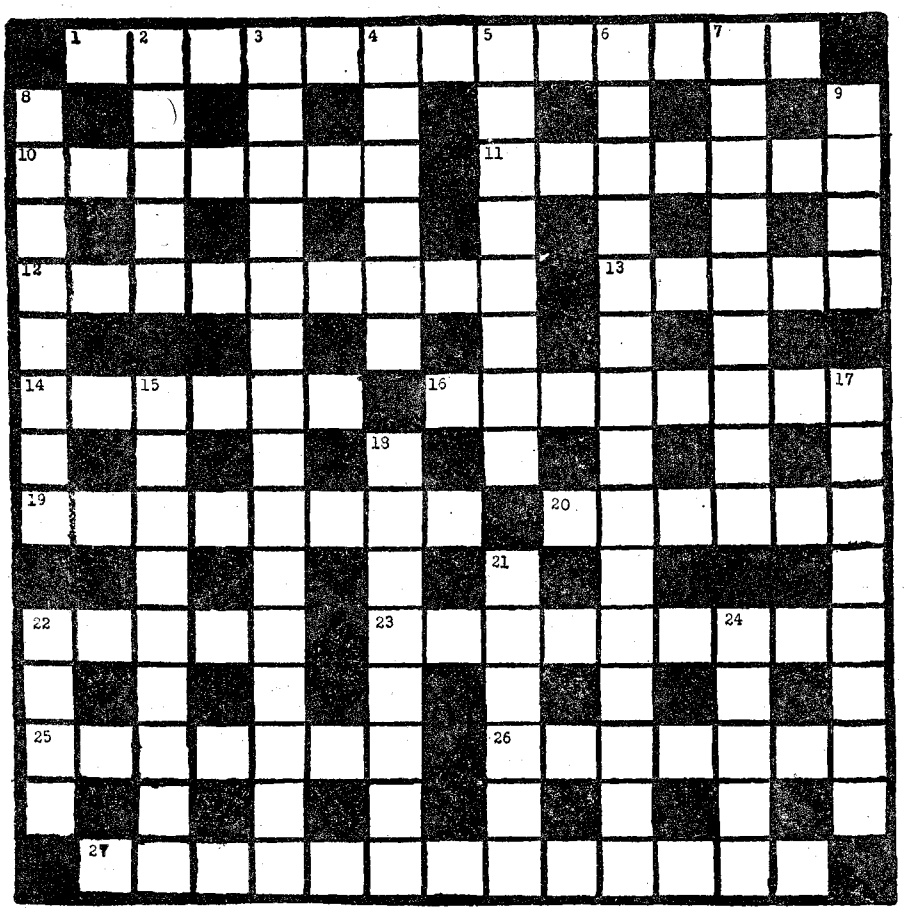
Crossword Puzzle No. 596

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Check for concrete support. (13)
10 Nothing more than travel sort of raises things. (7)
11 Where St. John is capital. (7)
12 Johnson said this has its flowers of transient fragrance. (9)
13 Hinder writers, in a way. (5)
14 The noise a bat makes. (6)
16 It might indicate whether you're able to draw. (8)
19 Wax, if far back in the dish. (8)
20 Kibitz, as some do to traffic. (4, 2)
22 I held a place for another. (5)
23 The way the detective follows up points? (9)
25 — — — — strictly from hunger. (7)
26 A bad little boy in a tree, or else under foot. (7)
27 It makes the clothier decry power. (13)

DOWN

2 He's a slippery little fellow! (5)
3 Sounds like Long John's overtime (7, 2, 6)
4 A strong flower might. (6)
5 Strangely enough, a student only has one a year. (5, 3)
6 Works them? No bets! (Evidently no improvement with new generation.) (6, 5, 4)
7 Evening dress? (9)
8 Does it belong with a lightning arrester? Nonsense! (8)
9 This instrument is not quite off pitch. (4)
15 This might be what you get as a consequence. (9)
17 His babies were all wet. (8)
18 Aversion to the way this is stated? (8)
21 Small coach. (6)
22 Signora Checchi (the one who was sued). (4)
24 Animal found in drive-ins without streaks. (5)

—★—

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 595

ACROSS:—1, 28 and 4 TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH; 11 ILLYRIA; 12 MITES; 15, 14 and 29 THREE TO GET READY; 17 INDICATE; 21 INDULGES; 23 and 10 BASIC ENGLISH; 26 ODORS; 29 REVET; 30 NIEBUHR; 31 STAINER; 32 NEEDLESS; 33 AYE-AYE.

DOWN:—1 THERMITE; 2 TIGHTER; 3 LAIRS; 5 HEINE; 6 TO LET; 7 UPRIGHT; 8 HEARTS; 9 CHATTING; 16 EMU; 18 DISBURSE; 20 SCOT-FREE; 22 NEOCENE; 24 SAVANNA; 25, 13, 19 CORN ON THE COB; 27 SCULL; 28 YARNS.

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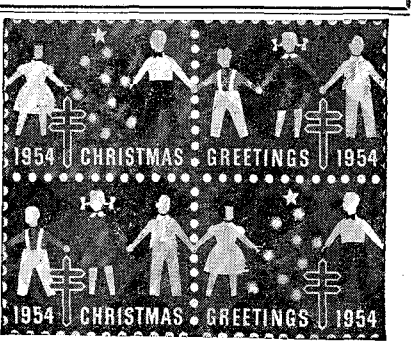

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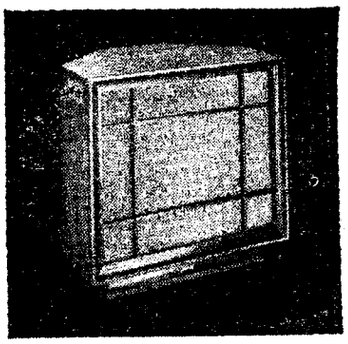

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